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SIXPENCE.



A BENGAL CAVALRY PATROL ESCORTING A "BOXER" PRISONER.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY J. F. AUSTIN.

I have been passing a week in the Château de la Lune de Miel. This is not a castle in Spain, but one of King Leopold's palaces, and known officially as the Château Royal d'Ardenne. I have given it a more poetical name because even the most hardened cynic would recognise that the spot is designed by nature and art for the hospitality of the honeymoon Hall. Years ago an embittered bachelor complained in the *Times* that he could not walk in the grounds of his hotel at Lowood without perceiving the contiguity of the arms and waists of the newly wedded. King Leopold, I imagine, has a more tolerant disposition, and when he let the Château d'Ardenne to the Sleeping Car Company, he must have felt a patriarchal satisfaction in the thought that the glades and ravines of the park would echo tenderer sounds than the rustle of the retreating frog and the chirp of the grasshopper. Never have I seen such flagrant invitations to sport with Amaryllis in the shade (Amaryllis in a wedding-ring, of course) as in these ravines, with their tinkling streams and overhanging woods. They needed Amaryllis herself to complete the picture; and here I must admit a deficiency in the artistic effect, for the really enterprising members of the company at the Château seemed to be, like myself, well stricken in years, long past the age when, with a last desperate clutch at our fugitive youth, we sing that exquisite little song of Maude Valérie White's—

Only we'll sit upon the daisied grass,
And hear the larks, and see the swallows pass;
Only we'll live awhile as children play,
Without to-morrow, without yesterday.

Ardenne is about five hours' journey from Ostend. You pass Brussels and the offended dignity of Bruges, and in the wagon—restaurant you eat an excellent dinner in some haste because a most obliging official seems anxious lest your dessert and coffee should be snatched from you at Namur. For some reason it is necessary that all the platters should be polished before that city is reached. There is a famous proverb—(*On ne badine pas avec l'amour*). Has it a variant for the traveller—*On ne dine pas à Namur*? I pondered this stimulating mystery what time a Belgian gentleman was assuring a friend in loud, emphatic accents (doubtless for my benefit) that Cronje had only four hundred men at Paardeberg. As I knew that Cronje's force actually consisted of four Boers (two of them under ten years of age and the others over ninety), and that they were captured after a desperate struggle by four hundred thousand British, my patriotic sensibilities were not wounded. Arriving at Ardenne in the dark, you do not at first appreciate the novel charm of a private railway-station attached to a royal pleasure. By daylight the station looks like a toy bastion, with a carriage-drive from the heights above curving round the battlements into a courtyard, where you expect to be received by yards of honourable red carpet and a guard of wooden soldiers. As it is, the officials overwhelm you with attention, for as only visitors to the Château are permitted to wander in its precincts, you are treated as a magnifico of the first order, and the smiling station-master invites you to promenade beside the river Lesse, which sparkles hereabouts through as vividly green an expanse of turf as you may find in the Valley of the Thames.

The sternest democrat, I fancy, would be mollified by this constant deference to his self-esteem. In an ordinary hostelry it signifies little; but here in a royal demesne you feel like a crowned head (a modest crowned head—say Servia) wandering tranquilly in the forest, knowing that at the first hint of disrespect on the part of grasshoppers or rabbits, you can summon aid by a blast on that dread horn you have borrowed from the sprightly American who drives the mail-coach every afternoon. I should like to try this experiment, for I could never read the adventures of Robin Hood and Roderick Dhu without wondering how their faithful retainers contrived to be in a neighbouring copse just at the right moment. But there is nothing more menacing to regal equanimity than a tremendous dragonfly, which stared at me till I began to think that the soul of my granddam may haply inhabit an insect, and that this was an incarnation of that Chinese Mrs. Brownrigg, the Dowager-Empress.

There is plenty of occupation for more robust temperaments at Ardenne. You may golf and fish, take long drives on the mail-coach, and in a little while, I understand, every sporting visitor will have his own gun, and dog, and game-bag. For those who like it there is an ingenious arrangement for the pastime called "rally-pigeon," which has the undoubted advantage over pigeon-shooting from a trap that it is not ethically a criminal offence. People who practise the wanton cruelty of the *tir à pigeon* ought to be in penal servitude. In "rally-pigeon" the guns are concealed behind metal screens, and the birds, instead of being loosed from a trap, which mutilates them before they can fly, are thrown up from a clump of bushes. This gives the pigeon a chance, and does not degrade the sportsman to the level of the callous brat who tortures flies by pulling off their legs and wings. I

write with some feeling on behalf of the pigeons, because on one occasion I helped to represent them. A number of visitors posed as pigeons in front of the clump of bushes; the mighty hunters hid behind their screens, and a camera immortalised the whole scene. When this picture is published I think it will be found that the most dignified figures are the pigeons. I can answer for it that they felt no inclination to fly, and that the attitude of their pretended foes was respectful, though a trifle comic. When I think of these peeping recklessly over their partitions (for some of the pigeons were uncommonly nice to look at) while a haggard photographer, about a quarter of a mile off, vainly strove to quell their restlessness, I laugh in the very depths of philosophic mirth.

Although no humanitarian fanatic, I have never taken any pleasure in killing things. The well-worn gibe against the Englishman who says, "It is a fine day—let's go out and kill something!" passes over me without leaving a scratch. A fine day in the beautiful park at Ardenne means for me a delicious revel in the wealth and variety and loveliness of natural life. I came out of the woods one day, and remarked that I had seen two pheasants as large as small—very small—ostriches. (You note how the reasoning faculty wrestles with the imagination.) Had I given this piece of information to M. Walter, the manager of the Château, or to M. Bertrand, King Leopold's representative in the directorate of the estates, he would have smiled politely, and taken the utmost care not to hint that my mind was unhinged. The intensity of animal vitality, as exemplified by a dog when he is agitated in every fibre by the pure joy of movement, has a fascination that makes me forget all human masterpieces. True, there is one that matches Nature in the most exquisite felicity of her achievement: it is Shelley's glorious "Ode to a Skylark," the superlative of lyrical beauty—

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From thy lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Men who shoot larks murder the music of the spheres, a crime that is none the less heinous because it has no place in any code. I did not hear the lark at Ardenne; but a nightingale sang every evening with ravishing sweetness. (With much self-denial, I refrain from quoting Keats.) In the daytime I was often accompanied by an invisible bird, with a voice like a well-known politician's. Madness, you know, is not always harmonious; it is sometimes like a cracked alarm that raves at people who have left off paying attention. I met a snake one day—a most gentleman-like snake; for instead of erecting himself on its tail, and making for the "foreign devil," he glided gracefully into a bramble-bush and passed himself off with great success as a twig. He mistook me for a naturalist, although I did not wear green glasses and carry a butterfly-net, as the naturalist always does in plays. As for fish, I beg any angler who condescends to glance at this page to take my word that in the Ardenne woods there is one of the most enchanting trout-streams in Europe. I speak not as a fisherman, but as a lover of the picturesque, with a faint hope of persuading even the most critical expert that there is a higher aim on a heavenly day than to go out and catch something.

This is Belgian scenery, and I wish to pay it a disinterested tribute of admiration. Nowhere in England, I believe, do we possess a single spot that rivals these harmonies of hill and vale, of wood and stream, on the same scale. And while I am in for handsome admissions, let me say that Brussels is again imprinted on my memory as the brightest city I know. It has a certain impassioned cleanliness that dazzles and even confounds the stranger. Revisiting it after many years, I have found it so immaculate to the eye (with the possible exception of the Palais de Justice, which has lost somewhat of its virgin austerity) that, as I had not a brand-new pair of shoes, I was afraid to tread the pavement, and took refuge in a carriage. I was forcibly struck, moreover, by the small number of people abroad. The few I saw walked gingerly, or in a great hurry, and I suspected that the majority stayed indoors for fear of soiling the side-walks. I remembered the Arabian story of the traveller who arrived in a great city, and found the whole population turned to stone. Brussels may come to that if she goes on growing superficially cleaner and cleaner.

An Amsterdam correspondent is good enough to send me an article from a Dutch paper on the "degeneracy" of England. On the margin he has scribbled his regrets that Spido's aim was not "more lucky." This appetite for murder illustrates, no doubt, the moral superiority of one Dutchman to our "degenerate" island. My old friend, the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, tells its readers that the British force in Admiral Seymour's expedition ran away, and had to be driven into action. If Ananias could be restored to us, it would be rather a graceful act for Munich to make him a burgher, although he would feel humiliated by a sense of his inferiority.

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

There is a striking, and by no means satisfactory, contrast between the situation in China and that in South Africa at the present moment. In the latter case we have a long-looked-for goal in sight, as the result of a protracted and terribly trying series of military operations, of which, perhaps, the extraordinary tenacity of purpose displayed on both sides has been the leading characteristic. In the case of China we have seen a tremendous blow delivered by a powerful allied force against one almost wholly lacking in cohesion or resistance, and yet at the time of writing it is difficult to say what tangible result beyond the relief of the Legations has been attained. From a military standpoint, certainly, the Allies have accomplished little or nothing since they swarmed into the Celestial capital. On the other hand, diplomacy has been busy—diplomacy, too, of that tortuous sort which, if it does nothing else, is bound to hamper the movements of honest men of action. Russia's suggestion that the Powers should forthwith evacuate Peking, happily nullified by the firm opposition of Germany and the United States, might, if adopted, have done something even worse than this. It might, probably would, have raised Chinese contempt for the weakness of the Allies to such a pitch as to have roused disturbances and produced hostile attacks with which a force treble that at Count von Waldersee's disposal would have found it difficult to cope.

This danger luckily averted, we find Chinese astuteness beautifully displayed in so-called "peace negotiations," of which the principal feature seems to be the now familiar Celestial puzzle, "Find the Emperor." Yet all the while there is rapidly accumulating a force of Allies which, left to itself, could probably solve the Chinese problem once and for all in six months. The force in question has been computed by a German military critic as follows: Germany, 4 squadrons, 11 batteries, and 16 battalions, comprising about 22,000 men and 62 guns; Russia, 3 squadrons, 3 batteries, and 12 battalions, about 15,000 men with 22 guns; England, 4 squadrons, 2 batteries, and 8 battalions (evidently only a portion of our troops are to be at Count von Waldersee's disposal), about 7300 men with 12 guns; France, 2 squadrons, 13 batteries, and 16 battalions, about 17,000 men with 76 guns; Italy, 1 battery and 2 battalions, about 2100 men and 4 guns; Japan, 3 squadrons, 10 batteries, and 13 battalions, about 16,000 men with 58 guns; America, 14 squadrons, 8 batteries, and 6 battalions, about 10,000 men and 48 guns; Austria, 300 Marines. Total, about 90,000 men with 282 guns.

Among recent developments has been the occupation by General Gaselee of a position commanding the railway-line which runs from Peking to Pao-Ting-Fu, against which a combined force proceeded on Sept. 8. The fourth British Brigade is on its way, and 400 men of the 20th Punjab have been landed at Wei-hai-Wei for the mainland garrison.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The past week has been marked by one of the most progressive operations of the whole war, one, too, which has unquestionably brought the termination of hostilities within easy distance. For months past it has been evident that Lydenburg would be an important citadel of expiring Boerdom, and there were not wanting those who predicted that the position would be found to give us more trouble than any we have yet encountered. Its natural advantages may have been exaggerated, but it is evident that they were extraordinarily great. Evidently, too, the Boers looked upon this *dernier resort* as one which would at least enable them to prolong for a very considerable period their resistance to the inevitable. Lydenburg, however, has fallen; and it is a pleasant circumstance that the glory of its capture should chiefly rest upon the broad shoulders of a man upon whom in the earlier stages of the war a good many aspersions were cast—the gallant, grim, and indomitable Redvers Buller.

Yet possibly Buller might have found the way to Lydenburg as disastrous as that to Ladysmith if he had not been assisted by the beautiful strategy of his long-headed chief. By sending Ian Hamilton along the Dulstroom-Lydenburg road to turn the enemy's right flank Lord Roberts, at any rate, saved Buller many valuable lives, and indeed it seems to have been upon Ian Hamilton's force that the chief labour of the advance rested, his route lying over country of a distinctly Alpine character. Some splendid work was, however, also done by Buller's force, the Leicestershires and 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps managing "to scramble up a steep mountain and draw a battery of artillery after them, thereby bringing a heavy fire to bear upon the enemy."

Lydenburg itself was occupied on Sept. 7, with the result that the enemy at once split up, some going north by Kruger's Post, others in an easterly direction towards Spitzkop. On the 8th Buller attacked a hill above Lydenburg, which was strongly held, and the Boer position on which had a command over Lydenburg of about 1800 feet, the road leading to it being exposed to fire for nearly the whole distance. Having successfully dislodged the enemy both from this position and one at Mauchberg, Buller was on the 9th moving on Spitzkop.

Meanwhile French was advancing on Barberton, where there has been a great gathering of Boer families, and an occupation of which will assist to make Buller's work finally conclusive. At the time of writing the end seems so near that one is almost tempted to prophesy. Messrs. Kruger and Steyn are reported to have fled to Pilgrim's Rest, and Botha is probably too hardly pressed by Buller to care greatly what becomes of these two worthies. Such a combination of circumstances seems to indicate a collapse within the next few days. But the whole of the war has been a series of non-fulfilled prophecies.

In any case a certain amount of guerilla warfare must follow. De Wet is still at large, and in the Boer ranks are many foreigners and others who have taken the oath of allegiance, and are simply desperate. But to all intents and purposes we have seen within the last few days the end of the Second Boer War.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE "JULIUS CÆSAR" REVIVAL.

The most important event of the last few days has been Mr. Tree's restaging of his superb "Julius Cæsar" revival at Her Majesty's. His fine series of beautiful stage-pictures remains unaltered, save that the manager has discarded Shakespeare's scrappy battle-scenes in favour of a set tableau of the fight at Philippi. But the cast has undergone considerable changes. Of these the most completely acceptable is that involving the substitution of Mr. Robert Taber for the late Mr. Franklin McLeay. Mr. Taber's Cassius is a splendid example of declamatory acting, more than worthy of association with Mr. Lewis Waller's thoughtful and virile study of Brutus. Other variations on the original interpretation—Mr. Murray Carson's pompous and orotund Cæsar, Mrs. Tree's shrill and over-dainty Calphurnia, even Miss Lena Ashwell's sympathetic and appealing but too neurotic and modernised Portia—cannot be very warmly commended. As for Mr. Tree, although not qualified by voice or physique to play Antony, he still makes the great Forum speech a very effective, if flashy, piece of oratory, punctuated as it is by the interruptions of an admirably managed and realistic stage-crowd.

"COLONEL CROMWELL," AT THE GLOBE.

The theatre, which was always the home of lost causes and exploded prejudices, has long cherished a very particular grievance against the Puritans and the leader of the Puritan Revolution. Regarding Cromwell as the most fanatical of the Histiomastiges, and forgetting his toleration of Davenant's operas, our English playwrights until quite recently have been accustomed to caricature Oliver, to represent him as a canting, ambitious villain who deliberately plots the ruin of a hero and meek saint known as Charles I. This was the way of the judicious Mr. Havard; the way, too, of that later-day Royalist, Mr. W. G. Wills; and it has ever been the orthodox and the popular way. Mr. Arthur Patterson and Mr. Charles Cartwright, the authors of the latest Cromwell play, have tried "another way." Recognising the fact that the old opposition of the martyr to the usurper is hackneyed as well as absurd, they have preferred to deal with Cromwell, the leader of the Ironsides; to show him foiling the treason of one of the Parliamentary commanders, and smoothing the path of love for one of his lieutenants. "Colonel Cromwell," indeed, as the new Globe play is called, must be reckoned a not very superior melodrama, containing in the third act, wherein Lord Willoughby is unmasked, just one exciting and adroitly projected "curtain," and, for the rest, revealing its hero as a sentimentalist who pardons his favourite young officer some grievous breaches of discipline, and appears to his soubrette-like daughter and his love-sick ward as a kind of amiable bear. The acting of the play—which, by the way, labours under a superfluity of dialogue and some very dismal "comic relief"—is not very remarkable. Mr. Charles Cartwright, very cleverly made up after Oliver's best-known portraits, makes a monotonous but intense Cromwell, and grinds out his speeches in his curiously vibrant style of declamation. Mr. Dawson Milward, as the lover, proves too tall, rather wooden, and entirely uninteresting. Miss Suzanne Sheldon borrows Miss Lena Ashwell's tones the better to impersonate the heroine, and all the players, save Mr. Cartwright, seem unaccustomed to their clothes.

THE NEW EMPIRE BALLET.

At the Empire Theatre a new ballet, "The Seaside," was produced on Monday night. The directors have abandoned classical, mythological, and pastoral spectacles for a time at least, and lean towards the style of entertainment that approaches comic opera as nearly as ballet may. Even the old tradition of sustained silence is forgotten. Yet it is impossible to deny that the new ballet is an excellent specimen of its class, and one which pleases the patrons of the house. The action never flags, the dressing and mounting are elaborate to the point of extravagance, the grouping, in the skilled hands of Madame Katti Lanner, leaves nothing to be desired, and M. Leopold Wenzel contrives to write music that is always tuneful and never commonplace. "The Seaside" is a triumph of individual cleverness over a commonplace subject. With little or no story, Madame Lanner, Wilhelm, and Wenzel contrive to give us a delightful picture of seaside life, not on English or Continental shores, though Brighton is the background of their picture, but on the coast of an up-to-date fairyland. The dancing, to which pantomime is subordinated, is excellent in quality and varied in style; there is no lack of humour, always kept within the borders of good taste. It would be idle to say that the new ballet is one of the Empire's great efforts, or that it challenges comparison with "Cleopatra," "Faust," or "Monte Cristo." We believe it is intended to pave the way for an effort far more serious, though it is doubtful whether the autumn and winter seasons will suffice to exhaust its popularity.

OTHER THEATRICAL EVENTS.

Indicative of the real opening of the new theatrical season are the many revivals and reappearances which have marked the progress of the present month, and must here be very briefly chronicled. That pretty fairy-tale, "A Message from Mars," though more than three hundred nights old, seems to have gained a new lease of life now that Mr. Hawtrey has resumed the rôle of its too easily converted egoist hero. If possible, too, Mr. Carton's Criterion play, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," a consistently amusing if rather mechanical comedy, goes more briskly than ever, thanks to Mr. Arthur Boucher's welcome return and his telling impersonation of the noisy but good-hearted sportsman, Captain Dorvaston. At the Gaiety "The Messenger Boy" has come back to town, and the clever plot, gay music, sprightly dances, and smart interpreters of this merry piece are received with all the customary enthusiasm. Another popular musical comedy, "Florodora," with Miss Florence St. John engaged for the occasion, has reappeared at the Lyric, but too late for notice in this week's issue.

ENGLISH PRISONERS AT NOOITGEDACHT.

Some strange things have been said about the treatment meted out to the British prisoners at Nooitgedacht. The food has been described as abominable; and there has even been talk of personal violence done to the Britishers by the Boers. Happily the letters received from the prisoners themselves have by this time put an end to all sinister rumours of the sort. Hardships there have been; but they were hardships the captives and their captors suffered together, and suffered with excellent good spirits on one side and the other. Some two thousand prisoners—many of them taken by De Wet in various fights in the Orange Free State—kept each other company—Dublin Fusiliers, men of the Black Watch, and City Imperial Volunteers. De Wet they pronounced to be a gentleman, for he had allowed each man to retain his personal belongings, and had sent servants along with the officers. Grumbles were heard, however—the grumbles of non-capitalist captives, who complained that their millionaire comrades—mostly of the Yeomanry—put up the price of fruit by their lavish expenditure. Meat was rather scarce, but Indian corn and meal were plentiful; and the sick—who sometimes numbered sixty, and were mostly down with dysentery—were well tended by the Dutch Ambulance Corps.

The enclosure for the prisoners somewhat resembled an old horn-book in shape—De Wet himself called it a collecting-box. The clear brook running through it was, of course, greatly appreciated by bathers and others. The hills around, which General Buller now holds, offered no encouragement to plans of escape. Once, when forty men set off in search of freedom, the Boer warder merely sat down and waited and smoked. He knew that all of the fugitives would return, cold and hungry; and they did. The Tommies chaffed the old "wachtmeister," surrounding him when he entered their enclosure, one demanding tobacco, another a pair of boots. "To-morrow," he would say, "Oh, Buller will be here by then," was the cheerful retort of Thomas Atkins. "Not for twelve months," was the reply, which shows that the most excellent of warders may be a very poor prophet. "It was altogether unlike war or prison-life," said a visitor. Lord Leitrim, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Garrett, and Mr. Hallahan were among the prisoners. Lord Leitrim spent his twenty-first birthday in captivity, having been born on June 23 1879. There was just a dream that De Wet would allow him to go home in honour of the event; but, in the end, De Wet wouldn't.

Officers were put on parole, but some Colonial officers, refusing to tender it, were sent to Barberton, where they were lodged in the jail, adapted for the time to the purposes of a military place of detention. Our Illustrations cover a variety of episodes of this life in duration that was something less than vile. The boredom of it was the trouble. Proportionate must have been the excitement when the Johannesburg Police, who formed the main guard, silently decamped. For when General Buller occupied Waterval-Boven and Waterval-Onder, he looked down on Nooitgedacht, and never a Boer could he see. This meant that, on the last day of August, eighteen hundred British prisoners, ill-accustomed to servitude, found themselves once more at liberty. They trooped into French's and Pole-Carew's camps, some of them in need of the instant attentions of the cook and the doctor. Great was their final jubilation when they took train for Pretoria. But they had to mourn certain gaps in their ranks. The Boers, relinquishing the rest of their prisoners, had retained a handful of officers, who were sent on to Barberton. And with them went a few of "the millionaires." These were the Yeomanry, who had put the fruit at famine price! In vain they protested they were not officers. The reply was that they were rich enough to provide extra fare. That one law should exist for the rich and the poor, was at that moment a sentiment supremely reigning in the heart of every Yeoman condemned to endure a little longer continuance in captivity.

THE EMPIRE'S PART IN THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

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THE BRITISH PRISONERS AT NOOITGEDACHT.

Photographs supplied by P. MacQueen.



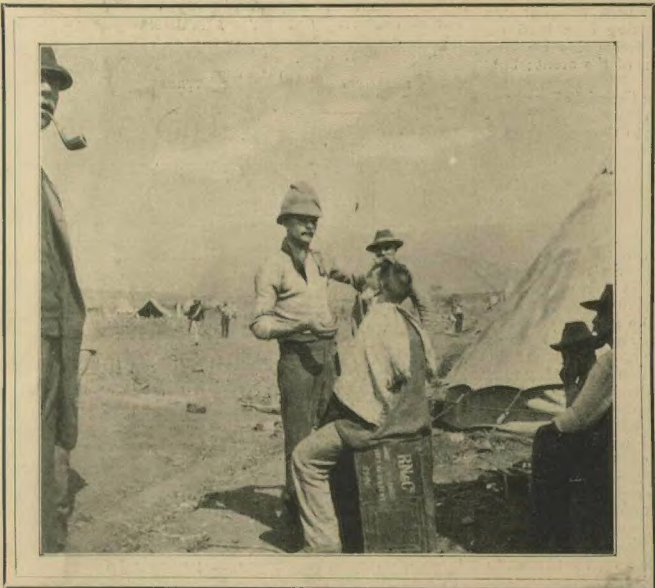
PRISONERS' QUARTERS.

The central figure, standing against the hut, is Mr. Goochen, nephew of the First Lord of the Admiralty.



BRITISH PRISONERS BATHING.

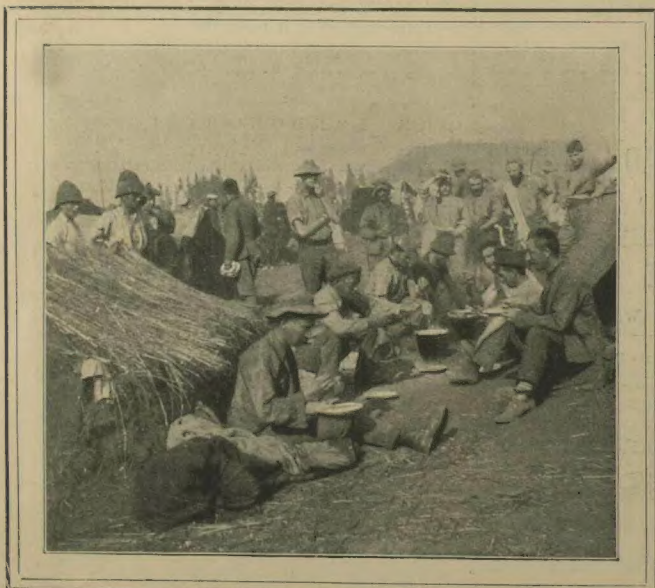
The wire entanglement, intended to minimise the possibility of escape, should be noted.



SHAVING HIS CAPTOR.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NOOITGEDACHT PRISON.



A MONOTONY OF DIET.

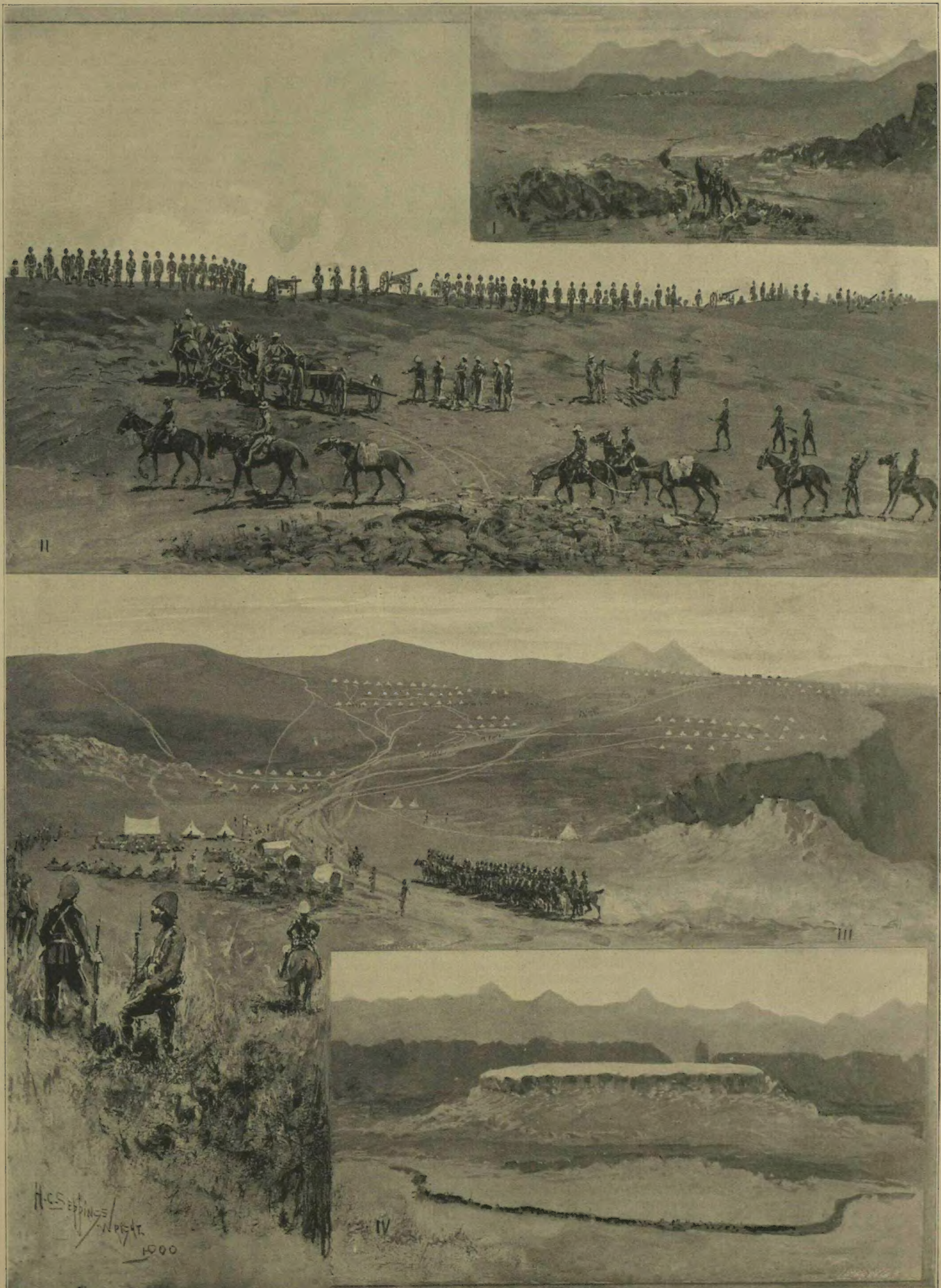
"Moutie Pop" formed the principal food at Nooitgedacht.



A MIXED COMPANY OF PRISONERS.

This group comprises the Black Watch, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Dublin Fusiliers, City Imperial Volunteers, Yeomanry, etc.

T H E T R A N S V A A L W A R .



1. Fouriesburg, where Generals Hunter and Rundle joined forces. 2. Boer Prisoners; British Artillery and Infantry on rising ground behind. 3. Surrender Hill.
4. July Kraal, from the Ridge near Willow Grange. The Kopje was held by Boers against General Rundle's Force on July 23.

SCENES OF THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL PRINSLOO.

PERSONAL.

The Lord Mayor's acceptance of an invitation to Paris is causing much trouble. The President of the Paris Municipal Council is a violent Anglophobe, and his invitations to the provincial Mayors in France have been declined by all the Republican officials. With what comfort can Sir Alfred Newton visit the Hôtel de Ville, which is a hotbed of animosity against both England and the Republic?

Agitation for the reform of the Post Office goes merrily on in large-type letters in the *Times*. The root of the matter is that the Post Office is prevented from spending money on reforms because the Treasury exacts the uttermost farthing of the surplus. Until the contribution of the Post Office to the revenue is fixed, no Postmaster-General will be able to carry out one of Mr. Henniker Heaton's proposals for the public convenience. This is the point on which the attention of the taxpayer should be fixed.

Lord Amphil, the Governor-elect of Madras in succession to Sir Arthur Havelock, who retires at the end of the year, is the son of the first Lord Amphil, by Lady Emily Theresa Villiers, daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon. Born at Rome in 1869, and educated at Eton and New College, Oxford, he had diplomacy in his blood, and for the last four years has had such training as is inferred by service as a private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain. A little further experience came to him as British Delegate at the International Conference on the Sugar Question, held at Brussels in 1898. Lord Amphil, who succeeded his father in 1884, married, ten years later, Lady Margaret Lygon, a sister of the present Lord Beauchamp.

Sir William Butler has been appointed to the command at Aldershot. This important distinction removes all suspicion that Sir William Butler had been made a scapegoat for his opinions in South Africa. He is one of the most accomplished soldiers in the Queen's service, and just the man to introduce order into the chaotic muddle that has reigned at Aldershot so long. It will be remembered that Sir William was Commander-in-Chief at Cape Town, and that his transfer was supposed to be due to differences of opinion with Mr. Chamberlain.

Lieutenant James Robert Gausson, reported as wounded in China, belongs to the 3rd Bengal Cavalry. He was born in 1871, and as he has held his Lieutenancy for six years, the promotion that is now certainly in store for him cannot be described as rapid. On Aug. 19 a mixed force of British, American, Austrian, and Japanese troops, one thousand strong, under the command of General Dorward, attacked the Boxers eight miles away from Tientsin. A fight of two hours resulted in the flight of the enemy, leaving



Photo. Bayard.
LIEUTENANT J. R. GAUSSON,
Bengal Cavalry, Wounded near Tientsin.

300 killed and sixty prisoners. The Allied troops had no fatal casualties, and only eleven wounded, of whom Lieutenant Gausson was one. Happily, his wounds were not severe.

Rumours about the General Election are becoming more precise. The Liverpool Unionists have received an intimation from headquarters that the election will be held probably in the first week of October. By this arrangement the Parliamentary conflict will be over before the municipal and School Board elections. The Opposition continues to denounce a dissolution, which they term "a grave political crime," but public opinion remains calm.

Seventy-seven is a unique age at which to set forth on a new political career. But that is what Sir John Austin, Bart., who will be an octogenarian in three years, is about to do. Hitherto representing the Osgoldcross Division of Yorkshire as a Radical and Home Ruler, he will stand at the forthcoming election as an Independent Imperialist, with influential Conservative support.

There is an excellent suggestion that the fine new street from Holborn to the Strand should be called Dickens Avenue. This would be a graceful association of a great writer's name with the site of so much of that old London he has described so minutely. And it may be hoped further that some enterprising builder who erects blocks of flats in the new thoroughfare will call some of them Weller Mansions.

The Earl of Portarlington, who died somewhat suddenly at Ostend, and whose body was brought home to Ireland for interment,

was the fifth Earl of his line. Born in 1858, he succeeded his father only eight years ago. He served for some time as a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards, and at the date of his death was honorary Colonel of the 4th Battalion Leinster Regiment, Major in the Dorsetshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and Lieutenant in the Reserve of Officers. Lord Portarlington had also been a Representative Peer for Ireland since 1896; but his chief activities were those connected with Freemasonry. Three years ago he was appointed by the Prince of Wales to the post of Senior Grand Warden, the highest office in Grand Lodge next to that of Deputy Grand Master; and in the same year he received Past Grand rank in the Royal Arch as Grand Scribe N. Lord Portarlington, who married in 1881 Emma, daughter of Lord Nigel Kennedy, is succeeded by his son, hitherto known as Lord Carlow.

There are not many things which Lord Roberts does not know, yet would like to know. But one of these is the date of his return to England. Other people seem to have information on the subject which he himself lacks. At any rate, in answer to a telegram asking him for the date, Lord Roberts only replies, "I wish I knew."

The death of Sir John Bennet Lawes, Bart., deprives agricultural England of one of its most practical friends.

Born in 1814, the late Baronet was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford; and at the age of twenty had acquired an intimate knowledge of the British Pharmacopoeia. His succession, at this time, to the paternal estates gave him an opportunity of experimenting on various growths of hemlock, henbane, belladonna, and poppies, the active principles of which were at that time imperfectly understood.

The effects of different sorts of manures were also put under observation, and the value of sulphuric acid in the treatment of mineral phosphates, then first discovered, made a new era in the development of the soil. In 1843 Mr. (now Sir) J. Henry Gilbert, a former pupil of Liebig, joined Sir John Lawes at Rothamstead; and there was founded the Agricultural Experiment Station, which will always be associated with Sir John's name, and with the act of generosity which has provided for its continued existence and endowed it with £100,000. Sir John, whose baronetcy dates from 1882, married a daughter of the late Mr. A. Fountaine, of Norfolk Hall, Norfolk, and he is succeeded by his son, Mr. Charles Bennet Lawes, who was born in 1843, and whose name is well known in association with a famous law-suit concerning the profession of sculpture.

Lieutenant John Arthur Greer, 3rd Battalion West India Regiment, who was killed in action near Kumasi,

was twenty-three years of age. The eldest son of the late Mr. George Greer, of Woodville, Lurgan, he was educated at Rugby and Sandhurst. Entering the Army three years ago, he was attached for a time to the King's Royal Rifle Corps at Aldershot, and early in 1898 he joined his regiment in Jamaica. A little later he saw active service in the fighting that resulted in the suppression of the Mendis in West Africa, receiving a medal and clasp. When serving with the Ashanti Field Force he was attached to the West African Regiment, and he met with death during a night attack on a large camp of rebels. The assault was



Photo. LaFontette.
THE LATE LORD PORTARLINGTON.



Photo. Barrand.
THE LATE SIR JOHN BENNET LAWES.



Photo. Marshall, Belfast.
LIEUTENANT J. A. GREER,
West India Regiment, Killed near Kumasi.

successful; and Lieutenant Greer's valuable life was the only one to be sacrificed.

Most stories of Mr. Kruger are probably figments, but the latest, which is vouched for by a Dutch authority, may have some element of truth. Mr. Kruger has grown a moustache because he has sworn an oath never to shave until he returns in triumph to Pretoria. This means that during his remaining years Mr. Kruger will not need the services of a barber.

There is some speculation as to the particular European country Mr. Kruger will honour with his company when the war is over. Holland seems the most likely. At Amsterdam Mr. Kruger would be at home, and he would find companions in misfortune in the directors of the Netherlands Railway Company. It is evidently Mr. Kruger's intention to give his time, and the gold extracted from the Transvaal mines, to a perpetual agitation both in Europe and South Africa. Amsterdam is a free political asylum, but the Dutch Government may find that there are awkward complications ahead.

Captain Robert Clarence Hillard Chalmers, who proceeds to China with his regiment, the 5th Infantry, Hyderabad Contingent, was born in 1865, and is the only son of the late Colonel Robert Chalmers, 14th Bengal Lancers. He was gazetted to the 1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment in 1886. Two years later he entered the Indian Staff Corps, and was appointed to the 14th Sikhs, serving with them through the Black Mountain Expedition. He then joined the 5th Infantry, Hyderabad Contingent, the only regiment of that contingent ordered to China. Captain Chalmers was awarded the medal and clasp for his services at Hazara in 1888, and received his present rank in 1897.

A serious question confronts the Parliamentary candidate. Is it safe to allow the distribution of his portraits in the form of buttons? The expenditure might be disallowed as illegal, and the election be lost by a button. If the manufacturer would sell the buttons in the ordinary way of business, no harm would be done. But electioneering excites such generous emotions that there is the danger of an indiscreet partisan giving the buttons away.

The Rev. Adrian Hofmeyr, who has been appointed Assistant Commissioner under Lord Edward Cecil for the Western Transvaal, was for some years a pastor in the Dutch Reformed Church. In his new capacity he will probably be of great assistance in the pacification of these districts, as he is well acquainted with the language and customs of the Boers. An Afrikaner born and bred, he is a loyalist who has suffered for his loyalty, as the Boers arrested him at the commencement of hostilities and kept him, in a half-starved condition, for eight weeks in the common jail at Zeerust. They afterwards transferred him to the officers' prison in the Model School at Pretoria. Mr. Hofmeyr is well acquainted with all the leading men in South Africa, and is recognised as an authority on the South African question. He will shortly issue a book under the title of "The Story of My Captivity." At present he is engaged on a lecturing tour in England, but he will probably be recalled shortly to take up his work in the Western Transvaal.

Mr. Joseph Pennell, most indefatigable of cyclists, has crossed the Furka and St. Gothard Passes on a motor-bicycle. This is the first appearance of that vehicle in those altitudes, and the wonder is that Mr. Pennell was not confronted and admonished by the ghost of Ruskin. Mr. Pennell must wish that this had happened, for he is one of those men who fear nothing living or dead, and the incident would have made excellent "copy."

The Chinese Minister in London has been accused by the Peking Correspondent of the *Times* of issuing bogus Imperial edicts in order to favour the Boxers and to delay the relief of the Legations. Certainly no postponement of the relief force was ever in question in consequence of any statement made at the Chinese Embassy. On the other hand, when London was ringing with tales of the torture and slaughter of the foreign Ministers and their families, the Chinese Minister told us they were false; and time has verified his word. There were fabrications about, but they were not his.



Photo. White and Klein, Madras.
CAPTAIN R. C. H. CHALMERS,
Ordered to China.



Photo. Biograph Studio.
THE REV. ADRIAN HOFMEYR,
Assistant Commissioner, Western Transvaal.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TEXAS HURRICANE.

The details of the overwhelming Texas hurricane may not yet supply an exact census of the dead, variously estimated at three thousand and upwards, but they are sufficiently precise to bring home the awfulness of the tragedy. Galveston—of which two views are supplied to us by Messrs. W. Parr and Co., of Leadenhall Street—seems to be ruined beyond all hope of repair. The shore is described as containing refuse enough to build a large town. While all England deplores the destruction—almost Pompeian in its thoroughness—Lancashire has special reasons of its own for lamentation; for Galveston is, after New Orleans, the chief cotton port of the Gulf of Mexico.

CHINA WAR PICTURES.

Wherever the Empress of China travels she probably dispenses, for the first time in her life, with the ceremonial that marks the picturesque imperial cavalcade shown in one of our Illustrations. A very different method of proceeding is that of the German transport-ship, on board of which a sketch has been made by our Special Artist, Mr. John Schönberg. Other accompaniments of transit are rendered in Mr. Caton Woodville's presentation of Bengal Cavalry forming the escort of a "Boxer" prisoner.

SOUTH AFRICAN PICTURES.

The capture of Prinsloo, which took place a month ago, and of which Illustrations have now reached us, was the result of an excellent exercise of strategy. In the open country of the Free State De Wet's mobile force could not be caught; but down on the Basuto border, with the Caledon River as a boundary on one side, the prospect was better. The closing-in movement fell to the task of Sir Archibald Hunter. Near Lindley, the force heard the guns firing where Paget and Clements were engaging De Wet, and thereupon proceeded to Bethlehem, blocking the road by which De Wet would wish to dart to Harrismith. The unexpected happened in

several things; but the end was that De Wet got among the hills, from which the few known exits were at once strongly guarded by British troops. But Paget, unluckily, was not camped quite near enough to Stabbert's Nek; and De Wet managed to slip through at night, taking with him his fifteen hundred picked men and five guns. About 6000 Boers remained in the



THE HURRICANE IN TEXAS: THE PASSENGER STATION, GALVESTON.

mountains, led by Prinsloo, an old farmer whose experience dates from bygone native wars. At Retief's Nek, the position against them was carried by a daring rush of Seaforth Highlanders. Rundle, Paget, and Clements secured other passes; and Bruce Hamilton, with the help of Hector MacDonald, tackled Naauwpoort Nek, leaving, however, the Golden Gate sufficiently open for Olivier and about one thousand men to slip out. The rest surrendered on condition that they might keep their carts. Other South African pictures are referred to upon another page.

THE KANSAS FIRE BRIGADE.

The Kansas Fire Brigade has had its triumph in Paris, where it has won the Challenge Cup; and coming on to the Crystal Palace, it has given London two daily performances of its prowess against flames. In view of the international contest, the Association of Firemen Engineers of America chose Commander Hale and his men from Kansas City. Certainly, they were justified in their choice; for, in the result at Paris, they easily beat all other comers. Of course, in the case of an outbreak of fire, it is the moments that count. What Commander Hale's men and Commander Hale's horses can achieve within forty seconds of the sound of the warning bugle-note is almost miraculous. The training of the horses accustoms them to jump over hurdles that are aflame, and is shown also by the speed and the discipline with which they run to their harness, quicker than any groom could lead them. In the handling of the hose the men are experts in readiness, which has no fluster about it, but is all unimpeded haste.

JAVAN WILD SWINE.

Many of the species of wild swine inhabiting the Old World, exclusive of Africa south of the Sahara, are so like one another that even naturalists find a considerable amount of difficulty in distinguishing them. The wild boar of India, for example, is so similar to its European relatives that sportsmen may well be excused for regarding the two as identical. Nevertheless, there is a difference between the two animals; and as we travel farther East the wild swine tend to depart more and more from the European type. Of the Malayan swine, the one most nearly related to the Indian species is the Javan, or collared wild swine, which, in addition to the island from which it takes its name, is also found in Borneo and Sumatra. It is best recognised by the presence of a white streak running along each side of the face to the neck, as well as by the absence of the crest of long hair along the back of the neck, which forms such a conspicuous feature in its Indian cousin. From another species inhabiting Java and Borneo, it may easily be distinguished by the absence of warty growths on the face. R. LYDEKKER.



THE HURRICANE IN TEXAS: THE PORT OF GALVESTON.

T H E T R A N S V A A L W A R .



WITH SIR REDVERS BULLER'S FORCE: ARRESTING A TREACHEROUS BOER FARMER.

Sketch (Fucsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. Frank Stewart.



ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.

MRS. FRIZZELL proceeded at a round pace up the lane, and along the high-road, leaving it after half a mile or so to strike across the fields.

She was a small, energetic-looking woman, with hazel eyes and prematurely grey hair. Her usually cheerful face was deadly pale to-day, and its characteristically alert expression had given place to one of devouring anxiety.

The November landscape was sombre and melancholy enough, brown, newly ploughed fields alternating for the most part with the tawny stubble of the land that still lay fallow. A few withered leaves clung to the branches of the trees and hedges; the sky was grey, the air heavy and yet cold. It was a fit day to hear news of trouble, Mrs. Frizzell thought, as her eyes roamed over the prospect, not vaguely as another woman's might have done, but with a definite object in view.

Presently against the sky-line, above a distant hedge, appeared the head and shoulders of a man, and a little way in front of him the ears and crests of two horses. Mrs. Frizzell quickened her pace, making for a familiar gap in the hedge aforesaid, through which she presently squeezed herself.

The man, who had not seen her, continued his slow progress across the field. Without calling out to him she broke into a run, her feet sinking deep at every step in the newly turned-up soil; after a few minutes she reached him, panting, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

He looked round with a start, and brought his horses to a standstill.

"Martha! what brings ye out at this time o' day?"

"Nothing good," said Martha. She threw a hasty glance round. "Be there anyone about?"

She spoke in a peculiarly loud and distinct key, and he answered in the low, mumbling tone habitual to deaf people.

"Nay, who should be about? There baint nobody here but myself."

"I think I'll go with 'ee to the top o' the hill and make sure—I don't want nobody to hear what I've a-got to tell 'ee. Go on—go on to the top o' the drill."

"I be to go forrard?" questioned her husband, staring at her stupidly.

"Ees, take them harses up to the top o' the drill, and then I'll talk to 'ee."

Frizzell admonished his horses to proceed, and went plodding on up the rising ground along which he had traced his furrow, glancing round every now and then at the set face of his wife as she plodded in his rear.

He was a big, blond, good-natured man, whose natural dullness of wit was intensified by his infirmity.

When they reached the brow of the hill Martha slipped in front of him, and standing on tip-toe, cast a searching glance round. A flock of sheep was penned in a corner of the adjacent turnip-field, a few rooks were waddling up

the furrows nearer at hand, over their heads a heron was slowly sailing with wide, sweeping wings on his way to the river, but not a human creature was in sight.

"Well," said John Frizzell, as she turned towards him, "whatever be the matter, Missus? I wish you'd out wi' it."

"I have had a letter from my cousin Julia, father, and she have told me some bad noes about our Susan."

John's jaw dropped, and the colour forsook his face, leaving it pale beneath its tan.

"Why—be the maid took ill?" he inquired, with a gasp.

"She baint well—and she baint like to be well. She've a-been ill-used, father. There, the silly girl wouldn't hearken to what I did tell her, an' now she be sufferin' for't. She've been an' took up wi' a soldier, an' so far as I can make out he made a purtence o' marryin' her; got some raskil to dress up as a minister, an' put on the ring and all. The poor maid was sure she was married honest, but she kep' it secret, for he dared her to tell anyone wi'out he gave her leave. Well, an' now he've a-gone off to the war, and left a letter for her sayin' as how 'twere all humbug, an' they wasn't married at all, and hopin' she'd forgive en."

"My God!" said the poor father, and he brought his hand down on the plough-handle with a force that made the mild horses start, "My God! I wish I had en here—I'd smash en!"

"And that's not all," went on Mrs. Frizzell, in a choked voice; "there's a little 'un upon the road—our daughter 'ull be disgraced afore the whole parish."

"Disgraced!" cried John, his honest face as red as it had before been pale, "who says 'disgraced'? 'Tain't no fault o' the poor child's! She've a-been deceived and used cruel hard. Nobody 'ull not have a word to say against her."

"Won't they, though!" retorted his wife, who, though as sore at heart as he, thought it necessary to assume an aggressive tone. "Who do you suppose 'ull ever believe as the girl 'ud be so simple as to be took in and think herself married when she warn't married? They don't believe it in Darchester, I can tell 'ee. There, they've a-gone and sent her away from her situation; and Julia—why I can see as my own cousin Julia don't half believe her story—she've wrote to say she 'opes I'll come an' take her away at once, as she don't like her for to be comin' to the house."

"Well, write an' tell her as you will take her away," returned Frizzell in a kind of muffled roar. "I baint ashamed o' my child, whatever other folks may be. Write an' tell her as father an' mother 'ull be fain to have her home, and won't let nobody worrit her when she d'get there. I'll soon shut their mouths if they try to make out as she baint a-tellin' the trewth!"

"Now, father, you listen to I." And here Martha laid both her hands upon his great round shoulders and fairly shook him in her eagerness. "I baint a-goin' for to let her tell the trewth—not all the trewth. I'm willin' she should say she got married to a soldier unbeknown to us, but I don't mean to let the rest come out. I'm goin' for to give out as he were killed in the war. Like

that he'll be done wi', so to speak—nobody 'ull be axin' questions about en, or wonderin' why Susan have come home."

John Frizzell fairly gasped.

"Bless my heart!" he ejaculated, staring at his eager little wife. "Why, what a tale! I don't much fancy tellin' sich a pack o' lies; nay, now"—and he rolled his head obstinately—"I baint a-goin' to tell 'em. I'll speak the trewth, and knock down them as says contrary—I'll be danged if I won't!"

"Don't 'ee be sich a fool, father. You'll do jist as I tell 'ee. I've al'ays held up my head, and Susan, she've al'ays been a bit high, an' have a-kep' herself to herself, and there be folks as 'ud be only too glad to go a-crowin' over we, an' a backbitin' of we. I baint a-going for to give 'em no cause. You keep your mouth shut—that's all as you've got to do. Keep your mouth shut, and if folks d' come a-worretin' of 'ee wi' questions, don't 'ee let on for to understand. You be hard enough o' hearin' at all times, and you can just make out to be a bit harder. You'll have to do as I do bid 'ee, for I've telled Mrs. Cross jist now the story about Susan's husband bein' killed in the war, and his name an' all—"

"Why, do 'ee know his name?" interrupted Frizzell, staring at her in a puzzled sort of way. "What be his name? The young raskil, if he baint killed out abroad, I'll half murder en when he do come back."

Martha's face assumed a set expression.

"He don't deserve for to come back," she said, in a tone too low for her husband to hear. "There, it baint Christian to wish ill to nobody, but the A'mighty be jist, and I can't think as He'd let a blessin' rest on that there wicked fellow. I don't know his name no more nor you," she shouted, turning to John, who was still muttering vengeance. "Julia didn't tell I; but when Mrs. Cross axed straight out what his name mid be, I had to say summat. I weren't a-goin' for to tell her as I didn't know, so I jist thought of a name as I seed in the paper o' Sunday among the list o' killed—Private Griggs—so I telled her 'twas that."

John stared at her solemnly and with unwilling admiration.

"Ye be wonderful quick at makin' out things, and I do suppose it baint no use for I to go against ye; but I don't believe no good 'ull come o' it. Mrs. Cross be a terrible one to talk—she'll ha' spread the tale over village by now."

"She will," agreed Martha. "'Tis jist for that I did tell her. I must be gettin' back now," she continued, in an altered tone. "Don't 'ee be took back when 'ee see blinds down, father."

"Blinds down! What's that for?"

"Why, because Private Griggs be killed," returned Mrs. Frizzell grimly. "They'll ha' to be kep' down till I've a-fetched the widow home."

"The widow!" exclaimed John. And he fairly burst out crying. "My poor little Susie! My poor maide!"

He turned his back to his wife and stood for a moment with his shoulders convulsively heaving; then, rubbing his eyes with one horny hand, he shouted huskily to the horses, ordered his wife gruffly to stand out of the way, and started off down the hill again.

Mrs. Frizzell struck off at right angles across the field, and made for home with all possible speed. Her heart was

full nigh to bursting, and the lump in her throat caused her almost intolerable physical distress, but she resolutely forced the tears back. This was no time for crying—there was too much to be done—too much to be thought of.

It was about noon on the following day when Mrs. Frizzell arrived at Susan's lodging.

The poor girl ran to meet her with an inarticulate cry, and the mother, without looking at her, began to talk rapidly in her characteristically matter-of-fact fashion.

"I be come to take 'ee home, my dear—father an' me.

think 'tis best—you'd better be gettin' your things together. There, I did start so early as I could but I had to go into one or two shops, and it did take I sich a time to find out this place! Ye'd best make haste and do your packing; there's the getting back to be thought on. You can put up all as ye've a-got 'cept your black dress—ye can slip that on. I've got every thin' else as ye be like to want here."

"My black dress!" said Susie. "'Tis too good for travelin', mother; this here blue be quite tily."

"Do what I tell 'ee," said Mrs. Frizzell sternly, looking up from the parcel which she was unfastening, and fixing her eyes for the first time on the girl's pale, agitated face.

"Mother, why have you got your blacks on?" cried Susan in sudden alarm. "And, oh! what's that in your hand?"

"'Tis a bonnet, my dear, and you be to put it on. Now, Susan, I haven't said one cross word to 'ee, and I baint a-goin' to say a cross word to 'ee; and father and me have a-made up our minds to stand by 'ee, and we'll not let nobody go a-worrettin' of 'ee, or a-castin' up at 'ee about what's past. If ye did deceive we, ye've a-been punished enough for 't."

"Oh, dear! an' that's true," wailed Susan; and she threw herself into her mother's arms, her big, babyish, blue eyes drowned in tears; her poor head, with its crown of golden hair, hidden on the bosom where it had so often lain in innocent infancy. "I was a wicked girl to deceive 'ee and dear father, as was always so good to me. But he—Jim—said I wasn't to tell no one, or he'd be gettin' into trouble, as we wasn't on the strength!"

"And what mid that mean, my dear?"

"I don't know, mother. Some soldiers' talk. Some of 'em has leave to get married, an' some hqsn't."

"Ah-h-h-h, ye mid ha' knowed he was up to some tricks—you couldn't be married right that way. Why, where was your lines, my dear?"

"He said he was a-keepin' them for me, an' he took me to a kind o' tin buildin' an' said 'twas the soldiers' chapel, and he knowed I always went to chapel, so he wouldn't ax me to be married in church; and there was another man there, as he said was the minister. And he put the ring on my finger—Jim did—he did indeed!"—and here Susan raised her head to look earnestly in her mother's face—"and he did say the words, and all."

"There, there, no need to talk more on 't. Ye've been voolish, my maid, and he've a-been wicked; and you be left to pay for it all. But you've got father and mother to look to, and if you'll do as I

be my husband; whatever he've a-done, and so bad as he mid be, I can't ever feel anything else. He did mean to marry I some day when he'd got leave, and he'd ha' done it if it hadn't ha' been for the war. If you call me a widow, I shall feel all the time as if Jim were really killed."

Mrs. Frizzell folded her arms and gazed at her resolutely and severely.

"Susan, don't let me hear 'ee talk like that—the man's dead to you if he baint killed, and his name mustn't ever be on your lips. I'm doin' the best I can for 'ee, an' I can't think the Lard 'ud be angry with me for makin' out

a story what does no harm to nobody. As for that fellow, he be in the hands o' the Lard—the Lard 'ull see to him. I leave en to the A'mighty."

Mrs. Frizzell spoke with a certain almost terrible significance which made poor Susie's blood run cold.

The stronger will gained the day, and a short time afterwards the Widow Griggs, clad in her "deep," and sobbing in a heartrending fashion, that had no pretence at all about it, under her long veil, was led out of the house by her resolute little mother.

Mrs. Frizzell was by nature truthful, but in this emergency it must be owned that her veracity was exposed to tests from which it did not always escape unscathed.

When one of her neighbours asked her if she did not mean to apply for relief on her daughter's behalf from some of the funds instituted for soldiers' widows, she could reply boldly enough that such an appeal would be useless, as Private Griggs had married without leave, and Susan's claim would therefore not be recognised. But when the sympathetic, but exasperatingly pertinacious Mrs. Cross—the gossip who had been chosen in

the first instance to spread the news of Susan's bereavement—plied her with questions anent her departed son-in-law, the poor woman occasionally found herself completely cornered as to be obliged to invent appropriate answers.

Thus, before very long, it became known in the village that the late Private Griggs had been a tall, dark man, very well-looking; that he came from somewhere up the country; that his mother was breaking her heart about his loss, but his father did seem to bear up very well. They didn't write often to Susan—no, for the poor dear were that undone she couldn't a-bear so much as to hear his name mentioned; in fact, Mrs. Frizzell herself did scarcely ever mention it to her. ("And that's true!" remarked the originator, with infinite satisfaction.) No more didn't Frizzell—indeed, poor Frizzell were that upset about it that the less said to en the better.



Susan threw herself into her mother's arms.

do bid 'ee, nobody need know o' the trick as has been played on 'ee. There, slip on your dress, my dear, and pop this bonnet on, and—"

"Mother, 'tis a widow's bonnet," gasped Susan. "Oh, don't—don't make me wear a widow's bonnet! Oh, I can't bear the sight of en; it do seem so unlucky, so dreadful!"

"Now be still, Susan; I don't want no idle talk about 'ee, an' no insultin' remarks passed, and I've a-made out a story and you be to keep to 't. You be the Widow Griggs—that be your name; and your husband, what was a soldier, have a-been killed in this here war."

"Oh, not killed; not killed!" cried the girl wildly. "Oh, mother, don't 'ee talk like that, for I can't a-bear it. There, 'twould seem so wicked to be sayin' sich things—the Lard mid make it come true. I can't but feel as Jim

Sometimes Mrs. Frizzell was a little startled when these pigments were recalled to her—many of them, indeed, were so much embellished by transmission from mouth to mouth that she scarcely recognised her own original creation; but she deemed it best to let the story pass.

"Let 'em please themselves," she murmured. "I didn't say so much as that but 'tis better to let 'em think so if it do satisfy 'em. There," she would add, when tormented by some particularly keen twinge of conscience, "'tis to be 'oped as the Lord will forgie me. I can't believe as it 'ull be held agen me, seein' as it 's for the sake of my own child."

When poor Susan's baby boy arrived great astonishment was elicited by the fact that the soft down which covered its little head was of a distinctly ruddy colour.

"Dear, to be sure," remarked Mrs. Cross, "he can't take

"'Ees," returned poor Susie faintly, "his hair be red—like Jim's."

"Ye mid ha' told me that, I think!" exclaimed Mrs. Frizzell, with irrepressible irritation. "I've been a-tellin' everybody as your husband were a dark-haired man. I had to make out a story now about your mother-in-law having red hair. P'rhaps she has?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. She's dead long ago, and so is his father. Oh, mother, how can you make up sich tales?"

"Well, I had to say summat when they axed me. If I were to say as I didn't know, they'd be sure to guess as things wasn't all right."

"But if—if Jim ever do come back?" faltered the girl.

"He'll not come back—put that out o' your head," said Mrs. Frizzell shortly.

ye mean. I be a Christian woman, however wicked I mid be."

"But you wish it," sobbed Susan. "You know you wish it, mother—you do wish as Jim were dead."

"You lay down," said Mrs. Frizzell, coming round to the side of the bed, and forcing her patient back upon her pillows. "Lay down, and keep still, and don't go upsettin' yourself and this poor innocent child. Leave the Lord to judge of I, as I do leave Him to judge of *he*."

Susan was slowly recovering strength when one day a letter arrived containing news so tragic and so consoling that her heart very nearly broke.

Jim—her Jim—her husband, for as such, in spite of her mother's protests, she continued to regard him, had written to her on the eve of battle—a manly letter, full of remorseful tenderness. Solemn thoughts had come to him out



"Dear, to be sure," remarked Mrs. Cross, "he can't take after his father, poor, dear little infant."

after his father, poor, dear little infant. You said he was a black haired man, didn't you, Mrs. Frizzell? And Susan's hair be just so yellow as the corn. I can't call to mind as there be any red-haired folks in your family, or Frizzell's either."

"Very like the poor innocent do take after some o' Mr. Griggs' relations," remarked another woman. "His mother, now—'tis strange how often I've a-known the first child be the very image o' the father's mother."

Mrs. Frizzell's hawk eyes immediately fixed themselves upon the mental picture of Private Griggs's maternal parent, and she presently remarked, in a somewhat muffled tone, that she fancied she had heard summat about old Mrs. Griggs bein' a red-haired woman.

"And that makes another of 'em!" she groaned to herself. "I d' low I'll soon forget what 'tis to speak the truth."

Returning, after the departure of the visitors, to replace the little flannel-wrapped bundle by its mother's side, she observed tentatively—

"His hair do seem to be red, Susie."

The tears rolled down Susie's face, and her eyes followed her mother's energetic figure as it moved about the room. Once or twice she opened her lips as though to speak, but her courage failed her. Then, suddenly the words burst from her—

"Mother, don't 'ee pray agen him! I can feel as you're wishin' and wantin' him not to come back. P'rhaps ye be a-prayin' as—as summat may happen. Oh, don't, don't! 'Tis wicked."

Mrs. Frizzell turned quite pale. She came and stood at the foot of Susie's bed, gazing at her so oddly that the girl, who was by this time shaking with hysterical sobs, became more and more unnerved and frightened.

"There, don't take on so," said her mother at last, and her voice sounded husky and strange. "I'mid be better nor what I am, the Lord knows, though, p'rhaps, it bain't my own darter's place to tell I so; but I've not gone so far as to pray for evil to fall on anybody, if that be what

there on the lonely veldt, face to face with death. The remembrance of the innocent creature who had trusted him, and whom he had loved and wronged, haunted him perpetually. The conduct which had once seemed to him excusable now appeared to him in its true light. Moreover, his actual rough life, the hardships, the horrors of war, threw into stronger relief the happy hours which he had passed by her side; his brief glimpses of home, of which pretty, guileless Susie was the presiding goddess.

So, when the great fight was imminent, he had bethought him of writing to her, telling her a little of what was in his mind, announcing that he loved her still, and if God spared him to return he would do the right thing by her and make her his wife in earnest.

But alas! and alas! the letter was enclosed in one written by another hand, and the poor soldier's own unfinished missive bore a postscript of a sinister kind—a deep red-brown stain.

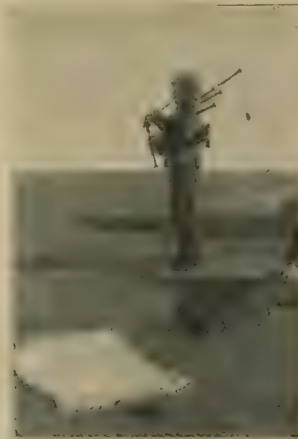
[To be continued]

FROM LAING'S NEK TO STANDERTON: THE BOER RETIREMENT BEFORE BULLER.

The country through which Buller's victorious troops have passed is as romantic as any in South Africa. It is a country of fastnesses; not inaccessible fastnesses, for the Boers holding them had to fall back before the outflanking of General Ian Hamilton, but fastnesses sufficiently formidable to cause both a strategist's pang in his abandonment of them. Laing's Nek is a base around which many memories cling. Majuba is hard by. Not without bitter reflections could any British officer in the present expedition pass some of those scenes of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago." Least of all could General Bruce Hamilton lightly look at the place where he lay sleeping when his brother-in-law, General Colley, set out that Sunday evening on his last march. "Do not wake him," said the ill-fated leader; "his sister would never get over it if anything happened to him." Spared to fight another day on the same fields, General Bruce Hamilton has particular triumphs, as well as keen regrets, in passing over ground dyed with British blood; and the mention of his name with praise in one of Lord Roberts's recent despatches is a sort of postscript to the passage quoted from the lips of Colley on the eve of Majuba. The pursuit of the Boers over this district, and as far



BOER TRENCHES ON MAJUBA HILL WEST OF LAING'S NEK.



A SCOTTISH RIFLEMAN'S AMUSEMENT ON THE VELDT.

of the northern Zion in the alien and invested world of exile. War in the warrior's own country has its obvious disadvantages, amongst which is the burning of the dwelling; and its obvious advantages, including the visit of the wife. Our illustrations show two incidents of this phase of Boer domestic life—grievously dislocated, but not destroyed. A prisoner husband has his interview with his wife under the British sentry's eye, and across the top of the gate of his captivity; and a company of wives, evidently built for a good many miles' journey afoot, visit the prisoners under the pure sun of the South African winter. Leafless trees

and rarely ever otherwise than by war. The scars of warfare left upon the alien and yet familiar, provincial yet remote, face of South Africa will not probably be lasting. No country's beauty has suffered long from the marks of battle. One Spring was enough to efface them from the fields of modern France; and in Belgium "How that red rain hath made the harvest grow" was the only exclamation left even to rhetoric. So shall it be on South African soil; and when the farms are rebuilt and the railway-lines restored, agriculture will heal this country too. Meanwhile, disease makes ravages that outdo those made by the



DUTCHMEN IN CUSTODY AT STANDERTON.

up as Standerton, was undertaken with both spirit and precision. The track, a beaten one, is familiar to the traveller. Here it stands high above the sea, and there descends into deep ravines, while flat tracts intervene. Cornish settlers in the country are frequently reminded of their own native county—one of the most varied of English counties for its inland views, although famous mostly for its coast-line. Our illustrations give glimpses not of scenery only, but of manners and of men.

The Scottish Rifleman "amusing himself on the veldt" has to depend upon the toys he brings with him. The straight line of his low horizon—for the "limitless plain" of the descriptive writer yields the most limited view in the world, except only that of the "wide waste of waters," equally familiar—suggests the dullness of a camp on the flat. A plain can look at a hill, and a hill at a plain; but a plain cannot look at itself, or can see but very little. The veldt, the prairie, and the steppe, in regions of the globe far apart, have imprisoned and oppressed mankind by the very fact of their lack of all lofty enclosure, and in each the captive is obliged to make himself a pastime. Bagpipes are, happily, full of variety to the ear of the expert, but it is the instrument of hills, and remembers with strange effect the songs

and the bare little building that serves as a prison, the wire fence and the flat grass, give a small but significant example of the scene of the Boer retirement.

So does the view of the rustic rear of the Standerton Hotel, with the livestock left peacefully enough and at random upon its straggling field. House, shed, farmstead, have alike the plain shape and the single gable, which is the simplest and most effectual form of building against wind and weather. Even corrugated iron is bound to take this primitive shape, which

really has nothing to offend the eye, and is found in many an ancient basilica, Roman and Lombard. The very modern style, if it is simple, is apt to approach the ancient style, both alike serving the needs of man the nearest way. And calves and pigs are much alike in all ages and in all countries, unless, indeed, the pig be Irish, when his whole character changes, and he shows swiftness, energy, enterprize, and a length of stride unknown in his kind elsewhere.

The Laing's Nek railway-tunnel, the north end of which was destroyed by the Boers, is shown encumbered by its



DUTCH WOMEN VISITING THEIR HUSBANDS IN CAPTIVITY.

hand of man even with the help of dynamite. The last news from Standerton tells us of the outbreak of typhoid and of enteric fever there. There may be no casualty lists where, nevertheless, the list of the dead is all too long.

The view of historic Majuba Hill shows the Boer trenches running west of Laing's Nek. The road to Natal passes to the left, winding under that lonely and monumental height, with memories that must haunt the nation, even at the hour of its final victory. While they were about it, the Boers had a fine opportunity at tunnel-blocking close at hand, but they refrained; for at this point the railway to Charlestown passes through a tunnel a good deal more than a mile long. The abortive indignation of a modern essayist against the "disembowelling" of mountains—surely a strangely disproportionate phrase—makes some appeal to ready-made sentiment in the case, say, of St. Gothard; but it does not seem to make even a momentary point in the case of a mountain in South Africa; and nothing but pride has been expressed as to the engineering feats which have subdued Nature and bent her purpose to man's will in that land, of another hemisphere, added at last and for ever by Lord Roberts to England's dream of Empire.



THE DESTROYED LAING'S NEK TUNNEL.



BACK YARD OF STANDERTON HOTEL AFTER THE BOERS' DEPARTURE.

LEADERS OF A LOST CAUSE.

Beneath the wave that submerges the Transvaal Republic a few good men and true pass away from public life not without honour from friend and foe. Among them a notable figure is that of ex-State Secretary Reitz, who has borne heavy burdens for unworthy men, and would have given the land justice in place of a despotism, and peace instead of a sword. Sometime President of the Orange River Colony, in the days when it was called the Free State, he succeeded Dr. Leyds in the office of State Secretary when that ubiquitous Hollander departed to Europe to pass from capital to capital rousing the gutter-press to the service of his master. The advent of Mr. Reitz was hailed with pleasure by the Outlanders. Then champion, Mr. Fitzpatrick, calls him "a kindly, honourable, and cultured gentleman." He brought to the problems of administration a capacity for strenuous labour and a



EX-STATE SECRETARY REITZ.

high moral purpose. He never permitted the corruption of official life to taint his good name. Others schemed and strove for their individual ends in an office where, saving himself, "each was for the party and none was for the State." Men with less talent and scruple amassed ample fortunes, and even allowed their subordinates to grind the faces of the poor. State Secretary Reitz laboured in another way, ceaseless in endeavour to guard his country from foreign interference, and to protect it against itself; but the old figure, now grown pathetic as it calls from the ever-shifting line of retreat upon "blind gods that cannot



MRS. LUCAS MEYER.

save," sat immovable upon the steep, pipe in hand, Scripture on tongue, and turned his State Secretary's protests adroitly aside. And in the end Mr. Reitz decided that the country of his adoption could claim his whole-hearted services to the last, though he had scant sympathy either with the methods that prevailed there or the bulk of those responsible for them.

General Lucas Meyer has neither made nor lost a reputation during the South African Campaign. His chance came when, in the opening days of the war, the men of the Transvaal and Free State invaded Natal. Lucas Meyer led his commandoes across Buffalo River to the east of Dundee to join the main body of the insurgent forces in an attack on General Symons. We do not know how or where the co-operation failed, suffice it that Sir William Symons was able to separate the forces and inflict upon Meyer's commandoes at Talana Hill so salutary a punishment that the General's future operations in Natal were conducted with less spirit than prudence. Since then

young men like Louis Botha and Christian de Wet have come to the front and monopolised attention. General Meyer has faded from the picture: men say he lacks the originality of his young competitors, the daring of Cronje, the war-craft of Joubert. He has not courted the fierce light of publicity, nor has it fallen upon him, and it has been said that he is better able to devise plans than to get them executed by the undisciplined men nominally under his command.

Mrs. Lucas Meyer bears small likeness to the lady whose health was in days past the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's cabled inquiries, nor does she resemble the gallant but acquisitive Mrs. Cronje, who, if gossip be reliable, came from the camp at Paardeberg with the commandeered garments of Lady Sarah Wilson secure in a willow-case. She is a modern woman, whom the attractions



GENERAL LUCAS MEYER.

of European capitals may yet console when the streets of Johannesburg and Pretoria are no more than a memory. Doubtless, she has accompanied her husband in the field and has taken an active interest in his plans and movements. The East has an ungallant saying that advises True Believers to seek the advice of their wives, and having received, to disregard it. The Transvaal repudiates the implied libel. Save for the risks that they run, and the horror of killing a woman, the presence of gallant ladies on the battlefield is not altogether to be regretted, and the Boer Generals may well be proud of the devotion of their wives.

Nauwpoort Nek.

Retief's Nek.

Commando Pass. Wit Nek.

Stalbert's Nek. Wind Nek.



THE SCENE OF DE WET'S EARLIER OPERATIONS: RETIEF'S NEK AND THE ADJACENT PASSES FROM BETHLEHEM.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. WELD BLUNDELL.

In July De Wet, with 2000 men, broke out of this district, where they were being watched by Hunter, Puget, Clements, and Trundle.



Photo. Kessel.

VISIT OF COLONIAL TROOPS TO WINDSOR ON SEPTEMBER 3.

A detachment of colonial troops, including Australians and Canadians, visited the Royal Borough under the command of Captain Arthur Sturton, Lord Minto's cousin. The fact that the men had all been on active service during the recent war, and the town, headed by the Mayor and Corporation, gave them a hearty welcome. They were received at the Guildhall, which had been specially decorated with Colonial bunting, and were afterwards shown over the Guildhall, St. George's Chapel, the Albert Memorial Chapel, the State Apartments, and the Royal Mews. Then, after luncheon with the Mayor, a visit was made to the Queen's Show Farm, and the Royal Gardens. The party returned to town in the evening.



Mark Antony: Mr. Tree.

Cesar: Mr. Murray Carson.

Calpurnia: Mrs. Tree.

THE REVIVAL OF "JULIUS CAESAR" AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE: THE DEATH OF CAESAR.

T H E C R I S I S I N C H I N A .



AN IMPERIAL CORTEGE ON THE ROAD.

There are no roads, as Europeans understand them, in China. Travel is mostly done by waterways, so even the Imperial Court on its peregrinations has to put up with finding its own path country. But in spite of difficult journeying, the punctilious ceremonial is never omitted; umbrellas, lances, and boards with inscriptions are carried by the attendants.



EN ROUTE FOR CHINA: GERMAN OFFICIALS OF THE FIELD POST DEPARTMENT AT DRILL ON BOARD THE "PRINZ HEINRICH."

Sketch (facsimile) by our Special Artist, Mr. John Schönberg.



A CHINESE BARBERS' SHOP

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SAT. 15, 1900



CHARGE OF THE JAPANESE CAVALRY AMONG THE BAMBOOS OUTSIDE TIENTSIN.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Soft Side. By Henry James. (London: Methuen and Co., 6s.)
The Courtesy Dame. By R. Murray Gilchrist. (London: Hutchinson, 6s.)
The Flick of Fortune. By Thomas Parkes. (London: White, 6s.)
The Influence of Mars. By Eva Anstruther. (London: Grant Richards, 7s. 6s.)
The Last of the Climbing Boys. By George Elton. (London: John Long, 6s.)
Seminaries in the East—a German. By George Yell. (London: Fisher, Unwin, 7s. 6s.)
The Royal Navy: A History from the Earliest Times to the Present. By W. Laird Clowes. Vol. V. (London: Sampson Low and Co., 2s.)

It is not possible for one to be indifferent towards Mr. Henry James's work. Either frankly one does not like it, and ought to say so, though, to be sure, it is a deplorable confession; or else one's liking runs to an enthusiasm, and cannot be hid. The enthusiasm, given



MR. HENRY JAMES.

its existence, is of a quiet order. It expresses itself in the chuckle rather than in the laugh, than which it is so much more complex; representing, as it may, amusement, delight, surprise, admiration, and in addition a curious compound of pique and complacency at the discovery that in the exhibitions which call forth these feelings it is oneself who is played upon, and that oneself has the wit to perceive it. In this kind of gloating spirit the elect will read the dozen stories brought together under the title of "The Soft Side." It is quite useless in their case, as in most cases it is stupid, to attempt to give the reader a clue in advance to the story—to the plot, as the saying is. Mr. James's stories are not to be told by one word fewer than he himself employs—and by not one word more. "The Great Good Place" and the "Real, Right Thing" are so immaterial and visionary that a fuller word, a single more definite touch, would ruin them. Even in such stories as "Europe," "Pasta," "The Tree of Knowledge," "The Given Case," in which the exhibition of the soft side is not so entirely a matter of mood, the only plot there is found in the background of circumstances so carefully prepared for the display of a crisis of discovery, which is always Mr. James's story. It is remarkable how single is the effect produced by his diverse performances from, say, "The Portrait of a Lady" down to this volume. That may be taken as the measure of the rightness and sincerity of them all. And for workmanship, in some ways "The Soft Side" has never been excelled by its author. The dexterity of "The Great Condition," for example, is simply wonderful.

Mr. Murray Gilchrist is one of our younger novelists from whom we expect very considerable things, and we have suffered no disappointment in the reading of "The Courtesy Dame." For one thing, it is an excellent piece of writing. The narration is easy, and perfectly adjusted to the story. This is not less true because now and then the author appears to mistake violence for strength: that is as much a criticism of his story as of his manner of telling it. The story itself, though wanting in the weight and sweep and complication which may be considered necessary for a great novel, is a good story, expertly worked out, original in its central idea, and buttressed strongly by its subsidiary groups. It is in them, indeed, that the entertainment and colour of the story lie. The "Courtesy Dame" and Lord Bostern hold our interest to the end; but it is the Palfreymans who really engage us, and not merely old Palfreyman (a capital creation) and Harriet, but still more so the dead daughter, Sophy, whose tragedy, only briefly hinted at, flushes the whole story. We are inclined to grudge, on Mr. Gilchrist's behalf, this negative use of Sophy Palfreyman's history. It seems to demand the central place in a large canvas, where it could be worked out with the sweep and intensity which we have noted as lacking in the story of the "Courtesy Dame." But the author has the right to manipulate his own material according to his own liking. He has chosen to set his picture in a loss grave and tragic, in a somewhat artificial light; and we can congratulate him on the skill and confidence with which he keeps it poised there. To repeat, "The Courtesy Dame" is a good story, excellently written.

"The Flick of Fortune" is manifestly the outcome of experience, illumined by a rare degree of intuition; we hope that it will meet with the recognition which it deserves, and not be lost sight of amid the flood of

mediocre fiction which constantly flows from the press. Mr. Parkes knows his subject thoroughly, and his writing is strong and forceful; his book is wonderfully free from all superfluous matter, and he does not waste himself upon details; perhaps we should rather have said, "unimportant details," for minuteness of a sort is certainly not lacking. Like the true artist, he knows what to leave out; every touch has its due purpose and effect; the background is clear, but not over-prominent, and light and shade are most skillfully apportioned. The Vicar of Linfield and his wife, with their increasing family and their strictly limited income, are very real. One sympathises with the elder boy and girl, who form a plan for rearing any future little Harlequins who may appear in flower-pots! Mrs. Harlecastle's portrait, in particular, is marvellously delicate and just; her oldest daughter is the heroine, and the influence of environment on her character is well worked out. But it is around the hero—who loves and is loved in a greater or less degree by two women of very opposite types—that the real interest centres. What we are wont to call "circumstances" lead him into trouble, but they do not help him out of it: he has to carve his own way to his destiny, and to suffer for the weakness into which a less passion than very love has led him. The crucial moment, when he confesses his fault not to the poor girl who might, perhaps, release him, but to the woman whose love is dear as life itself, is wonderfully pictured. Mr. Parkes's conclusion is not fortuitous, but it is just the conclusion which the circumstances seem to warrant.

The collection of brief sketches bound together under the title of "The Influence of Mars" all find their inspiration in the present war. But if the theme is one, it has many aspects, and Miss Anstruther has not confined herself to any one of these. Many classes of our great community are represented, and the little house-parlourmaid and her soldier-lad are drawn as tenderly as are those more favoured by fortune, and perhaps with more insight. Poor little parlourmaid! her Tommy is struck low, but work goes on as usual, and the sympathy which she manages to extract from her friend the cook is certainly of the slightest. "Didn't I tell you," crooned the old woman, "to have nothing to do with no men? I've buried two husbands, and I've buried five children, and, married or single, it's naught but trouble men brings you." "Friends" and "A Deserter" perhaps stand out as being stronger and more dramatic than the other sketches, but some vein of genuine human interest runs through each, though at times it is very slight. More than once too much of fancy is woven in with what would otherwise read like fact; and even though the fancy is pretty and Miss Anstruther's manner good, this detracts from the value and effectiveness of the picture. Thus the old woman on the bus on Mafeking night is made to utter the thought that apparently haunts the writer's mind, and the old woman's portrait is spoiled. One aspect of the war is quite overlooked: we see nothing of the man who returns to his loved ones alive and well and crowned with victory. But perhaps Miss Anstruther will add that portrait at some future date; for the present—and it is very natural—the grey side is uppermost. "Jolly well we'll pay!" shouted the boy on the bus, as the cry of "Pay, pay, pay!" surged up from the crowd. "Girl, you've got to pay!" "I have paid," she answered, and looked down at her black frock. This is the keynote, and it is well that England as a whole should bear it in mind.

The author of "The Last of the Climbing Boys" is a man well satisfied. Trained in the days of his youth to sweep the chimneys of rural England, he has progressed past chimneys and entered the realms of country debating and literary societies. He has acquired convictions and is a travelled man; he gravely records an approval of temperance principles and an excursion from Margate to Canterbury, where the Cathedral raised him to the dizzy heights of a commonplace. He gives his readers a dissertation upon sooty chimneys, their causes and cure; upon Turkish baths and their value to the sick; he records a conversation with a celebrated astronomer, and remarks naively enough that the conversation "was the more enjoyed because our views happily coincided." Upon another occasion in his remarkable life, this last of the climbing boys received an ovation or a congratulation, or something similar, and he remarks, with another glimpse of the native modesty that livens his chronicle of small beer: "I was proud of being the recipient of these courtesies obtained by real merit." In short, Mr. Elton is well pleased with himself and satisfied with a world that has done its duty in recognising and promoting him; he has no whit of the pride that apes humility, knows himself for a worthy man, and has set down the story of his merits in a book the spontaneity of which is not hampered by style of any sort or description.

The editor of the *Alpine Journal* presents in book form the result of many summer visits to the Eastern Graians, and readers of his paper share with members of the Alpine Club the privilege of having heard the stories before. Mr. George Yell is an intrepid mountaineer, but he has not sealed Parnassus, nor has he found the hiding-places of the Muses. In short, while his book may be read and treasured by the section of the public that climbs, to the general it will be caviare. For this result the author is not altogether free from blame: in addressing the public, he would have been well advised to recognise its ignorance of details. It should be possible to make the record of summer climbs in the Alps sufficiently interesting to stir the blood of men who are now content to look at mountains from the level ground; the present book, though serving as a guide to the initiated, does nothing for the general reader. The making of books is, perhaps, more difficult to Mr. Yell than the making of records.

He writes of his own achievements with great discretion and modesty, but has apparently failed to realise how limited is the interest that attaches to bills-of-fare, the quality of lodgings, and other matters of similar sort, to which the old-time tourist sacrificed so much of his journal. Descriptions of scenery are only acceptable when written by a master-hand, and Mr. Yell has the habit of seeing all too frequently the finest sight he ever saw in his life. So it happens that little or nothing of the charm and majesty of the vast silent hills breathes from his pages; that no sense of the high spirit and enthusiasm that inspire the climber released from the thrall of crowded towns accompanies or follows the perusal of the volume, and the general reader will probably rise from his chair, book in hand, with no wish to climb higher than the top shelf of his bookcase or the least frequented corner of his library.

The last volume but one of the six volumes projected for "The Royal Navy" brings the history of England's First Line of Defence down to 1815—a year which was conspicuous in military rather than in naval annals. Indeed, the last page of this volume contains the record of a "mishap"—one of those accidents which will happen in the best-regulated armies and navies. In the Bay of Biscay in the March of 1815, Commander Rodney Philpott, on the *Primrose*, sighted the Falmouth packet *Duke of Marlborough*, with John Bull for her master, and mistook her for an enemy. At seven in the evening the *Primrose* opened fire, and an hour later—after the *Duke* had attempted to make the private night-signal with as little result as she had made the day one—a hot engagement began. Not until Philpott hailed an obviously beaten foe and a fast-sinking ship did the truth appear, and by that time two of her passengers were killed and ten wounded. To make matters worse, John Bull had given a good account of himself to the enemy, as he supposed, for the *Primrose* had three killed and twelve wounded. A footnote might very well have been added for the curious, recording the after-effects of the error on the career of Captain Philpott, affording, as it does, some contrast between the temper of gentlemen of England who sat at home at ease on that day and the disposition of those who sit there now. Over fifty years had the nation had to regret the fate of Admiral Byng, though these were still the days of flogging round the fleet. This, however, is but the by-play of a volume that contains: the record of the whole naval struggle of England against Napoleon, from the beginning of the renewed war in 1803 to the summer of 1815, when the talisman was St. Helena. The war between England and America is held over for treatment by Governor Roosevelt, who will hark back to 1812 in the chapter he is to contribute to the sixth and last volume of the series. Other helpers of Mr. Laird Clowes, whose names deserve prominent note, are Sir Clements Markham, Captain Mahan, and Mr. H. W. Wilson—an Anglo-American alliance. The numerous and excellent illustrations include a portrait of



H.M.S. "PRINCE," WITH THE OLD STERN-BALCONIES.

Reproduced from Vol. V, of "The Royal Navy," by permission of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

Nelson, hitherto unpublished, which looks as though it might rank with the best, and a portrait of Admiral Lord Dundonald, which gives him quite in character as the hero of land-adventures such as our chief novelist has assigned to him. From the pictures given of ships we reproduce that of H.M.S. *Prince*, with her stern-balconies, as fitted before close sterns were introduced. She was jury-rigged in Portsmouth Harbour in 1828, and our illustration is from an etching by E. W. Cooke, R.A. A last word of appreciation must be given to the valuable casuality and other lists given in the appendix, as well as to the exhaustive index.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

Saint and Imperial Life of Britain. Vol. I. Kenneth D. Cotes. (Grant Richards, 7s. 6s.)
A Short History of China. Demetrius Boulger. (Gibbings, 7s. 6d.)
Jacob. Richard Dreyer. (Hutchinson, 6s.)
The New Order. Oswald Crawford. (Grant Richards, 6s.)
Sons of the Morning. Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen, 6s.)
The Flower of the Fleet. W. E. Norris. (Nisbet, 6s.)
Summer in Arcady. James Lane Allen. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)
Pith and Goad. Ada Cambridge. (Methuen, 6s.)

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXHIBITION AT BUFFALO.

The Exhibition now in course of construction at Buffalo is not International, but Pan-American. Even so, arrangements have to be made on an enormous scale, and the contents of the show will be as various as



MR. JOHN T. MILBURN,
President of the Exhibition.

the varying climates, the varying races, and the vast divisions of space which its title draws together. Mr. John Milburn is the President of the Exhibition, and the Hon. William J. Buchanan, ex-Minister of the United States in the Argentine, is its Director-General. America is said to have discovered "nerves." Happily these two officers of the Buffalo Exhibition appear, from their portraits, to be as free from "nerves" as great organisers must of necessity be. Of good promise for the architectural features at Buffalo—the memory of Chicago is still a living one—is the Directorate Building, composite in style, but with great interest in its various derivations. The vast

waterway at Chicago, with its noble series of bankside buildings, has inspired Buffalo with the idea of, at any rate, a canal. In Buffalo they are never beaten by mere local accidents. A dry space becomes water at the bidding of Directors, and a poplar avenue springs up where no trees grew. The poplar, in its rapid conditions of growth, is the most



A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING ELECTRICITY BUILDING IN CENTRE MACHINERY BUILDING ON RIGHT



POPLAR AVENUE ON THE ARTIFICIAL CANAL SURROUNDING THE MAIN BUILDINGS.

obliging of trees; but there is nothing "jerry" and nothing forced about it. It is always finished in its grace; and even in a London suburb, where it is urgently planted by the householder in search of a sudden screen between his neighbour's garden and his own, it preserves its native dignity, and has the suffrages of poets. Beside the improvised water at Buffalo the poplar is altogether at home. The general view of the Exhibition given in our Illustrations shows the Electricity building in the centre, and the Machinery building on the right.

THE ALL-ROUND ANGLER.

The circumstance that angling is a progressive art must be held accountable for the unceasing flow of books on the subject. "The All-Round Angler" (Upcott Gill) was accorded a deservedly cordial reception when it appeared some years ago, and was adopted as

their guide by many of the fraternity who recognised the hand of a master in its pages. "John Bickerdyke," however, lived to learn and, what is more to the present point, to teach what he has learned.

Others may excel him in the profundity of their knowledge of any one department of angling, but it is doubtful whether any man approaches him as a general practitioner with the rod. Dividing his now portly treatise into four divisions, he devotes them respectively to coarse-fish, pike, game-fish, and sea-fish. The pike is entitled to the honour of a whole section of the book, if only because everybody wants to catch him, either for his own sake or for the sake of the worthier fish on which he preys. From the culinary point of view, in our judgment, one very short chapter would meet his



THE HON. WILLIAM J. BUCHANAN,
EX UNITED STATES MINISTER TO THE ARGENTINE,
DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE EXHIBITION.

deserts. The difficulty of obtaining not good but merely tolerable fishing in accessible British streams has compelled enthusiastic anglers of recent years to devote increasing attention to sea-fish. The fortunate man who can confine himself to salmon or trout is prone to regard sea-fishing with disdain; but if he will lend ear to "John Bickerdyke" and deign to cast a fly for bass, he will find that the pursuit demands both science and skill. Most of us derive our acquaintance with sea-fishing from the patient occupant of a corner of the pier-head at some popular watering-place. A successful day's work casting, strolling, or trailing near a boat puts an entirely new complexion on the business. The author has taken counsel with experts in every department of angling, and his own experience is supplemented by theirs: the result is a fat, good book, which will teach the beginner the A B C of his craft, and furnish the old hand with numberless useful hints which have borne the test of practice.



PORTION OF THE SERVICE BUILDING, OFFICE OF THE DIRECTORY OF WORK.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

There is to be a regenerated France as far as the English are concerned. There will be no more snarling and snapping at the English by Frenchmen, either individually or collectively. MM. Edwards, Millevoye, and Rochefort, and above all M. de Cassagnac, are henceforth going to submit the proofs of their articles to a committee of Englishmen resident in Paris, and anything calculated to offend us is to be rigorously expunged. We, on the other hand, are to mark our newly revived affection for our neighbours across the Channel by coming to Paris in *coaches*, not only to admire unreservedly, which we have always done, but to buy largely of everything, and not to ask the price of anything, but simply to take out handfuls of silver and gold and to ask the shopkeepers to take what they want. "Payez-vous," says the festive Frenchman to the garçon, handing him a louis and pocketing the change—if there be any—without as much as looking at it. That is the *à la carte*, or was some years ago; and we, though we cannot be as elegant as the Gaul in our gestures, are to imitate the *à la carte*; the gestures we could not imitate even after half a century of rehearsal.

This may seem, and probably is, to a certain extent an exaggerated version of the Millennium which was preached the greater part of last week in Paris, and which sermon London contemporaries took up with sundry variations. The protagonists of this wonderfully sudden reconciliation are respectively Admiral Sir Edward Seymour; our valued and tried representative of English-sound sense, Lord Avebury—whom I would prefer to call Sir John Lubbock, under which name he has endeared himself to me and thousands like me; Mr. Thomas Barclay, an old acquaintance, who at one time was a fellow-journalist in Paris, and who is now the President of the British Chamber of Commerce there; and, finally, M. Darquer, the Mayor of Calais, and one of the foremost members of the industrial community of the city which prevented "Bloody Mary" from enjoying her rest and food, and the rare endearments of her not very uxorious spouse, who loved gammon of bacon and broad-beans, because they were toothsome, and his walking problem of Euclid of a wife was not—in other words, of Philip II. of Spain.

The whole of these four gentlemen mean well, there is not the least doubt of it; therefore, it would ill become a simple journalist like myself to throw a wet blanket on their aspirations for mutual concord and cordial intercourse between two nations which, whatever their faults, could, if they worked shoulder to shoulder and with reciprocal trust, do much, if not everything, to realise that Millennium of European, if not of universal, peace of which the Utopist dreams. Sir Edward Seymour performed an act of exquisite courtesy by giving credit where credit was due in specially mentioning the bravery and tact of Captain de Mardoles and the French troops under his command. It would be little short of impertinence on my side to say more than that either about him or about Lord Avebury, who has endeavoured to do for the civilian element of France what the gallant sailor succeeded in doing for the military and naval. These two men, truly representative of the English noblesse of the sword and of the English noblesse of the intellect, are by their very positions exempt from the faintest suspicion of self-seeking; their motives are of the loftiest, and any comment except that inspired by the highest sentiments and principles would be an injury to them and to the task they seek to accomplish.

The above was written without prejudice to the other two would-be promoters of enduring amicable relations between the two nations. Mr. Barclay was and is a lawyer—he only took to journalism temporarily—and as a lawyer, the words "without prejudice," though hackneyed enough, will have a deeper significance to him than to the ordinary reader. Mr. Barclay is a sincere, loyal, and patriotic Englishman, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour which he wears in his button-hole never has made, and is not likely to make, the least difference to those feelings. But no man whose heart is in the right place, and who accepts such a distinction from the Government of a country not his own, can fail to grant a certain amount of allegiance to the country which bestowed it. Mr. Barclay possesses considerable direct influence in Paris, much more direct influence than either Sir Edward Seymour or Lord Avebury is ever likely to possess. He cannot and would not attempt to gag men like the editors of *Le Matin*, *L'Univers*, *La Patrie*, and *L'Intransigeant*, but he can give hints to other scribes, to the effect that the friendship of England is more precious in the long run to France than any amount of shadowy alliances, which up to the present moment have not brought any money either to the French exchequer or to the French tradesman's till, but, on the contrary, have taken a considerable amount out of it. Mr. Barclay will have no need of rhetoric or of special pleading. Let him simply take the returns of the exports for any year from France to England, and beg Frenchmen to compare with them the exports to any other country—let us say, for instance, Russia.

M. Darquer knows thoroughly well on which side his bread is buttered, and with consummate ability he has endeavoured to convey the knowledge of the fact to his countrymen. I have no doubt M. Darquer knows Molière as well as most educated Frenchmen, and is not likely to forget the lines—

Le véritable Amphitryon.
Et l'Amphitryon d'on dîne.

The sentence has commended itself to him in both ways. The English have dined, and will probably continue to dine, a great deal in France. The French, in spite of the English paying, and paying largely, for these dinners, are still the Amphitryons to Englishmen. The French are not quite as fond of our fare, which, to a great extent, they supply themselves as raw material. Poultry, fruit, eggs, vegetables, butter, cheese, not to mention wine, come in large quantities from their shores. At a strong pinch we could do without these, just as many of us elected to forego the pleasures of the Exhibition.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. (1) No. 32, Certainly, with pleasure. (2) "English Chess Problems," price now uncertain, published by Longmans. (3) Virtue is its own reward. (4) E. J. Winter Wood.—We have kept Nos. 1 and 4, and would be glad to have a substitute for No. 2 at your convenience. (5) T. R. (Hackney), C. E. P. (Kensington), M. F. (Aldershot), and others.—Mr. Davis's problem is very cleverly constructed. The reply to such moves as 1. R to K 6th and 1. R to K 7th is highly ingenious, and worthy of your further attention. (6) HEReward.—Your problem seems sound and is marked for insertion. (7) JEFF ATLEY (Sunderland).—It shall appear, although your comments on its subtlety are not unwarranted. (8) G. A. Trevelyan (British Guiana).—Will you please send another copy of your problem accompanied by its solution? (9) L. E. Slater (Dorset).—We may make use of No. 1, but No. 2 is defective from the second move. (10) YATES WHITHAM (Calcutta).—We are sorry your compositions are too elementary in character for our use.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 293 received from E. H. Van Noorden (Cape Town); of No. 288 from George Percy Tabor, M. D. (Aberdeen, Ontario), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 289 from Charles Burnett, C. H. Hemming (Gibraltar), F. B. (Worthing), and Digby Gales-Peddy (Barnes); of No. 290 from Inspector J. T. Palmer (Nottingham), the Rev. C. H. Russell (St. Austell), C. H. Hemming, Hermit, H. Meakin (Santwich), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Charles Burnett, W. M. Kelly (Worthing), F. W. C. (Wallingford), and C. E. H. (Clifton).

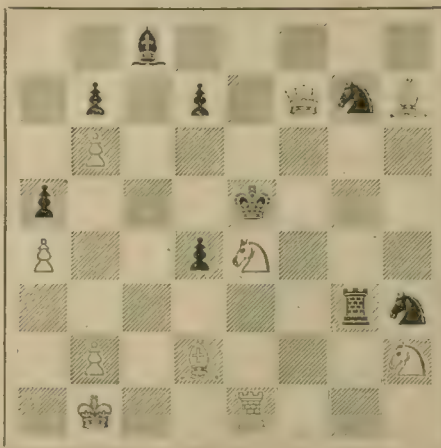
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 291 received from Shindforth, G. (Sellingfleet, Hants, Cobham), Constant C. Danby, C. E. H. (Clifton), Julia Short (Exeter), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), Mrs. Wilson (Bournemouth), R. Wooters (Canterbury), W. M. Kelly (Worthing), and J. D. Tucker (Hilary).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 294.—By J. F. MOOS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 6th. Any move
2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 293.—By H. M. PRIDEAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Game played in the Paris Tournament between Messrs. Tschernin and SHAWWALTER.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	18. Q takes R	Kt to B 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 3rd	19. Castles Q R	Kt to K 4th
		20. Kt takes P	Kt takes B P
		21. B takes Kt	R takes P
		22. P takes P	Q takes K P
		23. R to Q 4th	P to B 4th
		24. R to Q 2nd	Q R to K B sq
		25. P to K 3rd	Q to B 2nd
		26. Q to Q sq	R to K sq

The Black player is very persistent in not retreating the defence inferior, but does not prevent a good game.

Here, if Kt to Q 3rd, P takes P, P to Q 5th, Kt to K 4th, etc.

3. P to K 3rd. B to K 5th.
4. P to K 3rd. B to K 5th.
5. Kt to B 3rd. B to K 5th.
6. B to Q 2nd. K Kt to K 2nd.
7. P to Q 4th. B takes Q Kt.
8. B takes B. Castles.
9. P to R 3rd. B to R 4th.
10. P to K 4th. B to K 3rd.
11. P to K 4th. B to K 5th.
12. R to B 3rd. P to B 4th.
13. R to B 5th. Q to K 5th.
14. Kt to Q 2nd. P to K 3rd.
15. Kt takes B. P takes Kt.
16. Q to B 2nd. P to B 4th.
17. B to R 3rd. Kt to Q sq.
18. P to Q 5th.

Black does not object to exchange of Kt and B, but K 2nd or K 3rd may be commended as preferable.

Necessary to prevent R to Q 7th. B must have earlier played R to B 2nd.

27. Q to K 2nd. P to K 4th.
28. K R to Q sq. Kt to K 2nd.
29. R to Q 4th (ch). K to R 2nd.
30. R to Q 4th. Kt to K 2nd.
31. Q to K 4th. P takes P.
32. Q takes P. Kt to Q 5th.
33. Q to K 8th. Kt to K 7th (ch).
34. K to K 2nd. R takes R P.
35. R to Q 6th. Resigns.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. H. W. WALLER and F. J. MARSHALL.

(Pittsford Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. Q takes B	B to K 5th
2. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	11. B to Q sq	P to K 4th
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	12. Kt to B 6th	P to K 3rd
		13. Kt to K 3rd	
		14. Kt takes P	Kt to K 5th (ch), etc.
		15. P to Q 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
		16. P takes Kt	R takes P
		17. P takes R	R takes Kt P
		18. Q takes Kt	Q takes Kt P
		19. P takes P	Q takes Kt P
		20. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		21. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		22. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		23. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		24. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		25. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		26. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		27. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		28. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		29. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		30. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		31. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		32. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		33. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		34. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P
		35. Q to K 4th	Q takes Kt P

It is not difficult to discover that here White goes astray. It was of importance to exchange the knight, which occupied a most commanding position on a key-square of the board near the King.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The prevailing topic of the time has, of course, been the Glasgow plague-invasion. This event has naturally set people inquiring about the epidemic. "Why the plague?" they say, "and what is it?" and "whence its origin?" and so forth—all of which inquiries are perfectly natural when the brunt of a strange disease gets abroad, and when the ailment comes right up to our own doors. I suppose people call it "the" plague because it was the last of the big epidemics to disappear from Europe. I mean by this that plague after plague afflicted the Continent (including Britain) for centuries; these ailments being of divers kinds. Then, after the Big Fire of London, they disappeared, and the "Black Death," as this particular plague was termed, vanished away—at least, as a prominent and devastating power in the way of disease.

There are authorities who will trace this plague backwards in time for you to the days of the Old Testament. Sundry ailments termed plagues of boils are identified with it, and it is certain that in the sixth century, in Justinian's time, it devastated the Roman Empire. As sanitation progressed, and as men became more cleanly in their persons and surroundings, the plagues which afflicted them tended to disappear. Dirt and disease are things of close kinship, and "cleanliness," like charity in religion, is the beginning and the end of all sanitation. Where plague reigns supreme, is among the dirt and filth of India and China. Wherever sanitation is backward or unknown, we find our epidemics. If I might apply this lesson to our own days and to our own land, I would suggest that when we learn our lesson of cleanliness all round a little more thoroughly, when we preserve our water-supplies from pollution, and when we see to it that our first cases are at once isolated and duly disinfected, certain plagues that trouble us to-day will also disappear. I am thinking here of typhoid fever and typhus, and scarlet fever and smallpox, and other epidemic ailments.

This plague whereof Glasgow has a visitation is called "bubonic plague," because one of its marked features is the swelling of the lymphatic glands of the armpit, groin, neck, and other regions. These glands possess an intimate relation to the blood-supply of the body. They deal with the excess of blood-fluid which is returned from the tissues, and fit it for reconsumption by our frames. This, at least, is part of their functions, and they constitute a system of organs which, of all others, is liable to absorb deleterious matters inoculated into the body. Of course, the plague-symptoms appear in other shapes. There is high fever, sickness, headache, and general exhaustion, and if death occurs, it is said usually to be due to the effect of the poisons generated in the body on the heart.

This ailment, I need not say, is a germ-produced disease. It is, therefore, "infectious," but it is not specially "contagious." In other words, it is conveyed from the sick to the healthy, because the latter are infected by the germs from preceding cases, but it is not a disease in which infection is likely to occur through contact with the sick. This last feature is the essence of these diseases we call "contagious," where, as in smallpox or scarlet fever or typhus, the germs are liable to be inhaled as they are given off from the bodies of patients. How infection reaches us in the case of plague is usually by the conveyance to us of the microbes by some means or intermediary, other than the patient. Thus rats are believed to be the means of ordinary infection, and still more, perhaps, the fleas which infest these rodents. The fleas receive the microbes of the plague from their depredations on the rats' bodies, and when the rats die, the insects leave them, and if they gain access to man, inoculate humanity by their bite. There is therefore some analogy here between plague-infection and conveyance to man of malarial fever by mosquitoes.

The germ or bacillus of the plague is described as of rounded form, less like the ordinary bacillus seen in many microbes, and more resembling the round or berry configuration. It varies, however, in its shape as it does in size. Under cultivation we get larger forms than those found in the bodies of infected animals. The microbe was independently discovered by two observers, Yersin and Kitasato, in 1894; and ample study has been made of its features during the epidemics that have lately raged in China, India, and elsewhere. The bacillus requires a supply of oxygen for its growth and multiplication; neither words is it what we call "anaerobic," germs, and it multiplies apparently only through the original or parent microbe, dividing and subdividing. Many other microbes, in addition to this mode of increase, multiply by giving off minute particles called "spores," which may roughly be compared to the seeds of these microscopic plants.

Expert opinions inform us that a temperature of 212 deg. Fahrenheit (or 100 deg. Centigrade) kills the bacillus, and it is said to be readily destroyed by any adequate disinfectant. I have indicated that infection takes place usually through the skin. A scratch or a flea-bite will suffice for inoculation, and there is at least one case known in which a mouse died of plague in 1897, in Bombay, through infection from a patient, who had accidentally coughed and landed some plague matter from his lungs on her eye. It seems doubtful if we can be infected through swallowing the microbes of the ailment.

Prevention lies, as I have indicated, in the direction of "cleanliness," and this term must be taken in its widest sense, to include the destruction of all vermin, rats and mice especially, and fleas and flies alike. Then there is full need for plenty of cleansing of our plague-spots in the shape of slums and foul courts and alleys, where plague appears, as it did in Glasgow. There need be no cause for alarm among us, for we do not live in Spain. We have an energetic medical health service, and our sanitation is on an advanced level. What we have to consider is the actual case of ships entering our ports, and the putting of our houses into sanitary order, and especially the houses of our poorer neighbours, who are always with us.



JAVAN WILD SWINE.

The Malayan representative of the Indian wild boar, from which it is distinguished by the white streaks on the sides of the face. Its habits are identical with those of other wild swine.

THE KANSAS CITY FIRE BRIGADE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Photographs by Russell and Sons.



THE DOUBLE CIRCLE HITCH.



THE HUNDRED YARDS HITCH.



THE MEMBERS OF THE BRIGADE.



EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

LADIES' PAGES.

A graceful act has been gracefully done by the leading men of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in deciding, by an overwhelming majority, to permit ladies to become members of the committees, both Sectional and General, of the Association. Professor Hartop, of Cork, in moving the resolution, said that now that there were ladies who pursued science in a serious spirit, and not merely as amateurs, it was time to recognise their existence; and Professor Sylvanus Thompson, seconding, remarked that the most brilliant and original paper read at the recent Congress on Electricity at Paris was one describing original work in that science by a lady, Mrs. Ayrton. Fifty-two members of the General Committee voted for the motion, and only a dozen against it.

Dublin Horse Show, which is the great social event of the year in the capital of the sister isle, has been the occasion for a display of the advance of the Irish lace-making industry. I learn that there are no fewer than thirteen kinds of lace now made in Ireland. Curiously enough, the work is very frequently done under the supervision of the one class of women vowed to forego all personal adornment—the nuns. The first prize for raised needle-point was awarded to the Convent of the Poor Clares at Killarney; the Sisters of Mercy at Kinsale won the first prize for Limerick lace; and the second prize for drawn thread and cut linen work went to the Convent of Mercy, Gort, County Galway. The industry is, however, fostered by the British Government, and there are schools to which *crucifix* are made and prizes are given both for the actual work and for designing patterns. Thus Irish lace has reached a really excellent standard, and some of the kinds are as beautiful as the old foreign laces that they more or less resemble. The raised needle-point, the sort of lace called after the place in Ireland at which it was first made, Youghal, and of which the Princess of Wales has purchased a large quantity, is very beautiful, and is not unlike Venetian point. I believe Carrickmacross appliqué is actually an Irish invention; but I cannot admire it. It consists of patterns cut out in fine cambric, and finished with lace-stitches by the needle. There is also a special Irish product in the shape of crochet lace, which is now so beautifully done and in such good designs as to be almost as charming as Venetian rose-point, while far cheaper. The French great dressmakers have found this out, and now use Irish crochet profusely as revers, collars, and skirt-trimmings; and it well deserves such patronage. Limerick lace is the most cobwebby fabric possible, and suitable for bridal veils, evening-dress flounces, and so on. Many thousands of Irishwomen are employed in lace-making, and deserve the patronage of their British fellow-countrywomen.

Amongst the Paris Exhibition Congresses there has been one on the teaching of drawing, at which the most warmly treated topic was the unnatural type of female figure used



A CLOTH DRESS TRIMMED WITH FINE BRAID.

in fashion-plate drawing. Madame Chartrousse asked the Congress to protest against the distortion of the figure for this purpose, and so the Congress boldly proceeded to do; but surely pointlessly. A fashion-plate should not be considered as intended to be an exact reproduction of the female figure, but rather as a diagram, in which the details and points of the design are emphasised for the information of the student of the art of dress. This is what the dress-makers require; and women who dress well neither expect nor wish to be made into exact copies of fashion figures, but only to see the style of construction, as it were, in diagrams.

Still, the fashionable figure is manufactured to no little extent by the skill of the corsetière to meet passing fashion's whim. It is really amusing—almost weird in the sense that it gives of being able to prophesy the future—to observe how uniformly the Paris fashions of dress arrive in London six months after date! The period of their provincial tour here is even more after-date. Here are the new corsets of Paris fashion last spring just penetrating into London emporia; and here are the new sleeves that we Metropolitans are getting a little weary of, spreading into the depths of the country. The straight-front corset was shown to me in Paris when I paid my last visit in spring; and I have since found that one and all of the Paris model gowns that have arrived here have been made in their country of origin to suit that corset. It looks rather horrifying, this new model cuirass to compress the natural figure into fashionable form; but of course the Parisian *couturière* asserts firmly that it is the most comfortable shape ever made. The front—not merely the bust, but the whole front-piece—is cut perfectly straight, and very much stiffening is there used; it comes very low down in front, and is cut up over the hips abruptly. The figure is, as it were, pushed up into it, so that the waist is rather enlarged; but absolute flatness is secured below the waist in front. There—I cannot tell you any more; but those corsets are your fate if you wish to wear Paris styles, and the London houses are now stocking and advertising them as entirely novel. As to the sleeve—a top-sleeve cut off short, somewhere between the elbow and the wrist, and a separate under-sleeve of some softer material—that is to be very much worn in the autumn gowns. The under-sleeve, that has been made in chiffon, muslin, or lace during the warm weather, will now be made in surah or panne. The upper sleeve now tends to be cut off slopingly and widen out into a bell-shape rather than cut straight. The bell-edge is often not trimmed, the contrasting colour and fabric of the under-sleeve being thus more striking. But some gowns that are much trimmed elsewhere have the bell-edge of the top-sleeve equally adorned. The under-sleeve is always a full one, and ends in a little frill over the hand, naturally left by gatherings round the wrist.

Mantles left by the general form of gowns, in order to avoid crushing where they cover. Hence it follows that the coats of the hour are frequently also made with a bell-sleeve. It is a foolish arrangement for the winter, letting cold blasts rush too much up the arm; on which some cynic may observe that it is really not compulsory for

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New Arrow and Tie Brooch, or Hair Ornament, set with Choice Brilliance, £32 10s.

New Double-Heart containing 13 pearls and 22 Brilliance, £8 15s.

New Diamond Scarf-Pin, head Enamelled with £4 10s. Pearl, Salmon-Tint and Vile same price.

Brooch, Ruby and Pearl, £2 15s.

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us to choose that shape. Cloaks and mantles are to be decidedly less fashionable than coats and jackets. Still, there are plenty of mantles for those who prefer that style. The very newest of thick cloth coats are three-quarter length, bell-sleeved, and Empire-belted under the bust, falling loose and sac-fashioned beneath the belt. But these are really cold-weather coats. For the earlier cool days, these big cloth coats are set aside in favour of natty little black velvet confections, daintily belted, of course, and sometimes fur-trimmed; for, alas! the time has come to talk of furs again, though their actual wear is, we may hope, several weeks ahead of this present date. But it does not do to leave taking thought of wraps for the cold weather till it is actually upon us; and especially in regard to furs that need re-dressing and re-modelling, it is the part of wisdom to have them taken in hand early, before the furrier is too over-pressed. Birds' plumage is being used a good deal, both for hat shapes and trimmings, and for revers and collars to little coats. It is a close-lying feather-fur, as it were, such as the pheasant boasts; but the colours are rich, dark, and for the most part metallic shades of green and brown.

Hats are exceedingly picturesque and pretty. The rage for black and white is apparently to continue unabated. Black velvet picture-shapes alternate with toques of the same lustrous and decorative material, and white satin faces the brim or forms a bandeau beneath it against the hair. The buckles on the new hats are very large, and steel or gold are now more used than paste—gold is particularly in favour with black and white. L'anne stitched in lines with a contrasting colour makes some pretty demi-saison toques, which roses are still allowed to trim. Ostrich-feathers, long and curving to suit the brims, are the chosen adornment of the picture-hats. Plumes trim beneath the brims that are picturesquely curved to allow of it, as well as curl prettily above the brim and over the crown. An enlarged boat-shape in felt is fashionable, the sides curving outwards rather more and then turning up rather higher than in the ordinary form so called. The prettiest new boat-shaped hat shown me was in soft fawn felt; the brim was bound with fawn velvet, and between brim and crown it was trimmed with a deep full-looking band of feather-trimming, also in a biscuit shade, and apparently constructed of the breast of a bird—very likely pheasant breast-feathers, cleverly manufactured. Felt hats for travelling are very simple, the ever-popular boat-shape of the close-fitting old sort, the round, and the Homburg, with its indented crown, being most in vogue, and the trimming consisting of a plain band of corded ribbon or velvet, with a bow of the same adorned by a single quill-feather, a wing, or a small tuft of cock's plumage.

This is the sort of hat to wear on the moors, too, as a shower of rain or one of the favourite Scotch brand of mists will do it no harm. I often wish the middle-class women who are so afraid of sensible dress, clinging to their decorative gear at all times for fear of looking "unwomanly," could but see in a sort of review the very work-



A CLOTH GOWN TRIMMED WITH SILK CORD.

manlike and plain costumes worn by really smart women on some occasions. The contrast between the short tweed skirt and coat, with its white linen collar and vest, or its avoidance of collar altogether (for this year many women on the moors are wearing one of the large satin stock-ties alone), and the plainly trimmed felt or straw hat, or the Tam-o'-Shanter which the Duchess of Fife and others prefer in the Highlands—the contrast of this severe garb with the soft and dainty trailing tea-gowns of the afternoon and the embroidered, bejewelled, flashing and lace-trimmed dinner-dresses is appreciated at its full value by those who dress well.

In one of our Illustrations our Artist gives a novel form of coat, with basque deep at the back and cut away at the front. The gown is in cloth, trimmed with a design of thick silk cord; the belt is swathed satin, and the vest of muslin trimmed with lace. The hat is in fancy white straw, with black velvet bows and a big paste buckle for trimming. The other is a cloth dress, laid in flat pleats on the hips, and held in place by braidings of cord and fine braid. The bolero is similarly adorned, and opens over a velvet waistband and a vest of white embroidered satin, finished with paste buckles. The hat is white and black, the buckle being jet, with white lace and a white clip foundation. Straw in its various forms is now worn by many ladies through most of the winter, in all weather but the most stormy, as it is so much lighter on the head than the best of felt. Making all allowance for the adoption of "toupees" by women who are "thinning on the top" to an extreme degree, there is still no doubt that men go bald far more frequently than women, and the only reasonable explanation is found in the heavier and less ventilated head-covering worn by the stronger sex, as a rule.

Albeit the new departures of fashion begin to reveal themselves about now, a woman whose dress-allowance is not of a sumptuous order should not be in too great a hurry to select her new season's clothes, for it is impossible to tell what is going to be adopted till the turn of the season is fairly accomplished. The great arbiters of fashion, the Paris designers, only reveal by slow degrees, and, as it were, grudgingly, their new ideas; these are saved for submission first to their best customers—"best" in this case meaning not necessarily the most extravagant purchasers, but those who, by their combination of style or beauty, with prominent social position (theatrical or otherwise), can set and lead a fashion. Then it remains uncertain what those leaders of taste will elect from among the novel ideas proposed for their acceptance; not infrequently the new fashions shown and made up rather extensively do not ultimately "catch on," and the average woman does not wish to find herself the purchaser of a style that, for want of meeting fashionable approval, remains *outré* and singular. Therefore, while I, in duty bound, hunt out and study the new fashions and report on them as soon as they appear, I counsel discreet waiting on the part of all but the wealthy women about purchasing.

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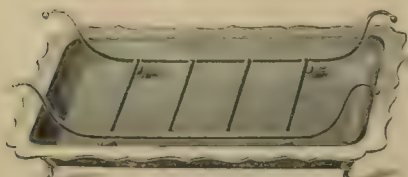


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"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with *Lassues*, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—LORD LYTON.

TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,

"This was a man."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved Manliness, Truth, and Justice. He despised all Trickery and Selfish Greed . . . "Let us have faith that right makes right." . . . Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe. Benevolence and Forgiveness were the basis of his character. HIS NATURE WAS DEEPLY RELIGIOUS, but belonged to no denomination. ARCHITECT of his own fortunes, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty. As Statesman; Ruler, and Liberator, CIVILISATION WILL HOLD HIS NAME IN PERPETUAL HONOUR.—Col. J. C. NICOLAY, *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM!

LINCOLN'S ALLEGORY of the SHORN LAMB.

LINCOLN and
HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A Moral.

"By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat in which I was travelling for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together, a small iron clevis was around the left wrist of each and this fastened to the main chain by a shorter one, at a convenient distance from the others, so that the negroes were strung together precisely like so many fishes upon a trot-line. In this condition they were being SEPARATED FOR EVER from the SCENES OF THEIR CHILDHOOD, THEIR FRIENDS, THEIR FATHERS and MOTHERS, and BROTHERS and SISTERS; and many of them from THEIR WIVES and CHILDREN, and GOING INTO PERPETUAL SLAVERY, where the LASH of the MASTER is PROVERBIAL MORE RUTHLESS and UNRELENTING THAN ANY OTHER—WHERE;



A TEAR!

The Drying up of a single Tear has more of honest fame than Shedding Seas of Gore.—BYRON.

and yet AMID THESE DISTRESSING CIRCUMSTANCES, as we would think them, THEY WERE the MOST CHEERFUL and APPARENTLY HAPPY CREATURES ON BOARD. One, whose offence for which he had been sold was an OVER-FONDNESS for his WIFE, played the FIDDLE ALMOST CONTINUALLY, and THE OTHERS DANCED, SANG, CRACKED JOKES, and PLAYED VARIOUS GAMES with CARDS from DAY to DAY.

"HOW TRUE it is that 'GOD TEMPER THE WIND to the SHORN LAMB.'"

(Extract of a letter by Tinsden, from "Abraham Lincoln, The Man of the People," by Norman Hapgood)

MORAL.—PERFECT HAPPINESS lies FIRST OF ALL in PERFECT HEALTH, and does not GRIEVE for the things which we HAVE NOT, but REJOICES for THOSE WHICH WE HAVE.

And such is the life, gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone.

LOVE OF LIFE.

"'Tis Life, NOT Death, For which we put:
More Life and Fuller, That we want!"—TENNYSON.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlarge the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STEARNS.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of purpose. Without it Life is a Struggle. A new invention is brought before the public and commercial success is secured. A host of abominable imitations are immediately introduced, by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS.

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED what would otherwise have been a SERIOUS ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—See that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a worthless Imitation.

PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 26, 1897), with two codicils (dated Nov. 16, 1897, and May 7, 1900), of Mr. William Wright, J.P., of Saxelby Park, Leicester, and Wollaton, Notts, who died on May 14, was proved on Aug. 22 at the Nottingham District Registry by Mrs. Mary Jane Wright, the widow, Charles William Wright, the son, and William Dundas Gilpin Brown, the executors, the value of the estate being £222,974. The testator gives £1000, and part of his furniture and household effects, and during her widowhood the use and enjoyment of Saxelby Park, and the income of £50,000, to his wife; £10,000 to his son Charles William; £20,000, upon trust, for his son George Edward; £1000 each to his daughters Mrs. Pilkington and Mrs. Harrison, who have been already provided for; £1000 each to his three eldest grandsons; an annuity of £125 to his sister Frances Eliza Wright; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son Charles William.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the County of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated March 2, 1895) of Mr. James Currie, of Leith, and of Trinity Cottage, Trinity, shipowner, who died on Feb. 23, granted to Mrs. Jessie Campbell Currie, the widow, Sir Donald Currie and David Martin Currie, the brothers, and James Currie and Alastair Currie, the sons, the surviving executors nominate, was rescued in London on Aug. 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £193,344.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1899) of Mr. Constantine Alexander Ionides, of 23, Second Avenue, Hove, who died on June 29, has been proved by Constantine Albert Ionides and Theodore Henry Ionides, the sons, and Henry Skelchey Bacon, the executors, the value of the estate being £153,584. The testator gives his collection of pictures, sketches, engravings, etc., subject to the use for life by his wife of the family portraits, to the South Kensington Museum; £1000, and the use during her widowhood of his house and furniture, to his wife; £5000 each, upon trust, for his grandson Constantine Craies and his granddaughter Zoe Craies; £5000, and 15 per cent. of



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his share in the Société Française des Asphaltes, to his son Constantine Albert; £1000 to his son Alexander Constantine—his said two sons being already provided for; the remainder of his share in the said Society and in the Powell Duffryn Coal Company, to his

children Helen, Zoe, Luke George, and Stephen; and there are specific gifts of articles of vertu to his children, and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety, upon trust, for his wife during her widowhood, and subject thereto for his children Helen, Zoe, Luke George, Theodore Henry, Stephen, and Enterpe Craies; and the other moiety, as to £25,000 each, to his daughters Helen and Zoe; and the ultimate residue to his sons Luke George, Stephen, and Theodore Henry.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1896) of Lieutenant-General Sir William Drysdale, K.C.B., Colonel 9th Lancers, of 15, Bury Street, St. James's, who died on Aug. 7, was proved on Sept. 3 by Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred George Willoughby Hemans and Lieutenant-Colonel John Olans Moller, the nephews, the executors, the value of the estate being £139,360. The testator gives £10,000 and certain furniture to his sister Mrs. Mary Moller; £500 each to his executors; £1000 to the children of John Drysdale; £1000 to the three daughters of the late William Copland; £2000, upon trust, for the poor of Bothwell, Lanark; £1000 each to St. George's Hospital, Charing Cross Hospital, and the Westminster Hospital; and £2000 to the commanding officer of the 9th Lancers, upon trust, to distribute the income thereof among the best-behaved non-commissioned officers and men, or partly for that purpose and partly for prizes for lance and sword competitions. The residue of his property he leaves between his nephews and nieces, the children of his sisters Helen Murray, Elizabeth Sanders, Ann Hemans, Margaret Wharrie, and Mary Moller.

The will (dated June 4, 1899) of Mrs. Mary Churchill, of 63, Queen's Gardens, Paddington, widow of Mr. Symth Churchill, of Streatham, who died on July 14, was proved on Aug. 25 by Augustus Shepard Churchill, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £46,034. The testatrix leaves all her property to her son absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1894) of Mr. Charles Tining, of Seaford, Lancaster, who died on June 29, was proved on Aug. 3 at the Liverpool District Registry by Miss Martha Tining, the daughter, and Richard Atkinson Webster, the executors, the value of the estate being

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£28,620. The testator leaves £1000 each to the Liverpool City Mission and the Liverpool Scripture Readers' Society; £500 each to Mary Williams and Kate Williams; the furniture and domestic effects to his daughter Martha; and £2 per month to his sister Betsy Tinning. He leaves his property, he leaves between his three children, Martha, Anne, and John, and James Paul, and Betsy Tinning.

Letters of administration of the estate of Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, Bart., of Manchester and London, who died on June 9, have been granted to Edwin Henry Storey, the administrator appointed by the Court, pending the action of Gaskell and others v. Huntly, to receive the rents and profits of the real estate of the deceased, the value of the estate being £44,776.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1897), with two codicils (dated July 3, 1899, and April 9, 1900), of Mr. Anthony Morrison, of 3, Stanhope Road, Crouch End, who died on July 8, was proved on Aug. 11 by James Greig and John Lumsden, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £25,328. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Bella Greig; £1000 to Winifred Greig; £1000 each to his executors; £1000, upon trust, for Anne Morrison, for life, and then to Sarah Anne Morrison; and £500 each to Charles Mervyn Huson and Arthur E. Marrow. The residue of the property he leaves to his uncle James Morrison.

The will (dated April 12, 1900) of the Rev. Charles Wellington Furse, of 1, Abbey Garden, Westminster, and

Halsdon, Devon, Canon and Archdeacon of Westminster, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Sept. 4 by John Henry Monsell Furse, the son, and Colonel Bolton James Alfred Monsell, the executors, the value of the estate being £19,591. The testator gives such a sum as, with what they will receive under his first marriage settlement, will make up partners of £2700 for his daughter Margaret Walter Furse; £2500 each for his daughters Edith Diana Maud, Mary Theresa Abraham, and Elsie Ladbroke; and £2000 each for his sons Michael Bolton and Charles Wellington. He also gives £200 to his wife; £1000, upon trust, for his son Herbert Reynolds; certain presentation silver and books to his daughter Emily Katharine; and a legacy to his servant. The residue of his property he leaves to his son John Henry Monsell. Canon Furse states that he had already provided for his son Major Furse, R.A.

The will of Frederick Edward Gould Lambart, ninth Earl of Cavan, of Wheatthampstead House, St. Albans, who died on July 14, has been proved by Mary Sneade, Countess of Cavan, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £11,511. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will of Rear-Admiral Valentine Otway Inglefield, of 157, Victoria Street, who died on July 16, has been proved by Mrs. Alice Marion Bertie Inglefield, the widow, and Mitford Hallett, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £4168.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The last year of the century will be remembered as an *annus mirabilis* in Newcastle. The United Free Methodists held their meetings there in summer, and the Church Congress and Congregational Union will follow each other during the next five weeks. The railway companies are holding conferences, and the winter is approaching. The climate of Newcastle is trying to the winter, especially for persons of consumptive tendencies, but in September and October there are many brilliant days.

There is some talk of designing a new banner for the Church of England. The white ensign, which is to be used for the Church Congress, is thought to be too like the distinguishing flag of the Royal Navy.

Miss Harmer, a sister of the Bishop of Adelaide, has accepted the headship of the New Women's Settlement in South London. The settlement will be named after Mrs. Talbot, wife of the Bishop of Rochester.

It is expected that the sessions of the Round Table Conference at Fulham Palace will last over three days. Lord Halifax and Canon Newbolt are amongst those who have accepted the Bishop's invitation.

It was a happy idea to invite Dr. Parker to preach before the Institute of Journalists, and the famous City minister is well worthy of the honour, for he has shown the greatest courtesy and consideration to journalists of all



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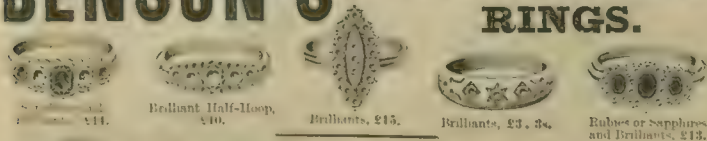
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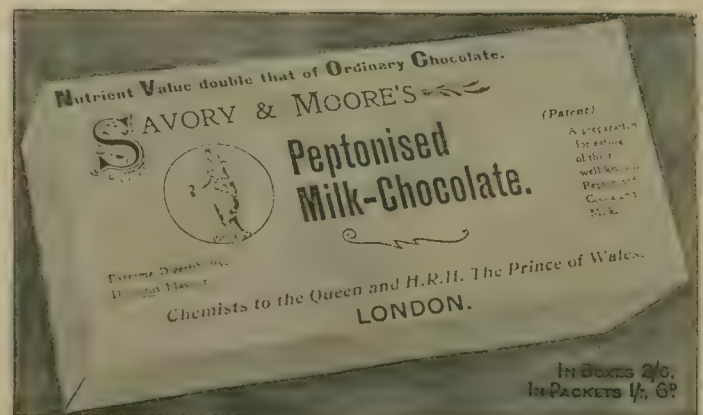
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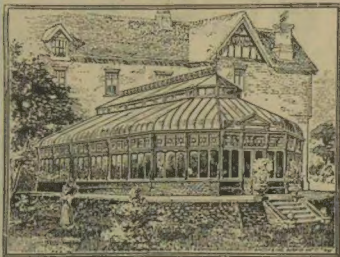


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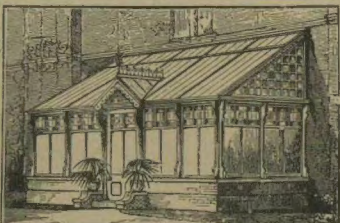
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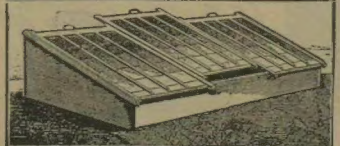
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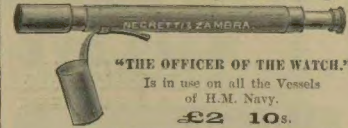
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degrees. There are well-known preachers and professors who approach a journalist with ill-concealed suspicion and dislike, but Dr. Parker and Ian MacLaren, to mention only two distinguished names, have done everything in their power to encourage their fellow-labourers of the Press.

"Peter Lombard," of the *Church Times*, has been spending three weeks at Hostenal, which is reached by the railway from Fluelen to Göschenen, and then up "the awe-inspiring gorge to Andermatt." There are two large hotels at Hostenal, and the village is a splendid centre for excursions.

The new Dean of Exeter has been received with great cordiality in the diocese. One of his first duties will be to welcome the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is going to Exeter in October. The new Church of Emmanuel will be

consecrated on that occasion by the Bishop of Exeter, and the Archbishop will preach the sermon. There is still a debt of over a thousand pounds on the buildings.

Canon Carter, the Dean-elect of Grahamstown, is now en route for South Africa on board the *Dunvegan Castle*. Very little has been heard lately of Archdeacon Hunter, who played so admirable a part during the siege of Ladysmith. The clerical heroes of South Africa deserve no less honour than the soldiers.

Canon Farmer, of Pretoria, has contributed to the *Guardian* several thoughtful papers on the future of South Africa. He maintains that the real question that confronts us is not whether Boer and British will ultimately amalgamate, or when the time will come for complete self-government, but how are we to deal with the native races?

They must, he thinks, find a place in the regenerated State, but a place apart. Their constituency should never be a mixed white and black one, but entirely native. When federation comes, the natives should have one representative on the Federal Council.

The Church papers are again discussing the urgent question of the decline in the supply of clergy. The *Guardian* thinks the burden of the already existing staff might be considerably lightened if the clergy would throw some of their work together, several parishes combining, for week-meetings, Sunday-schools, etc. Trained women workers might also be more freely employed, and many of the duties which fall on priests might be undertaken by deacons. These various proposals show how real and pressing is the difficulty.

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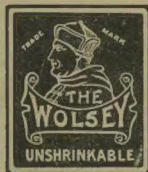
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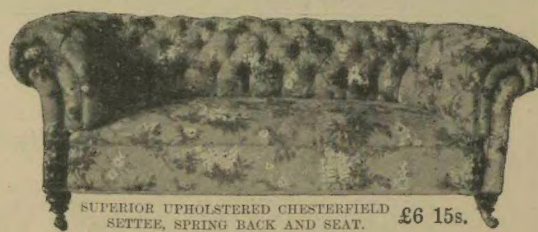
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